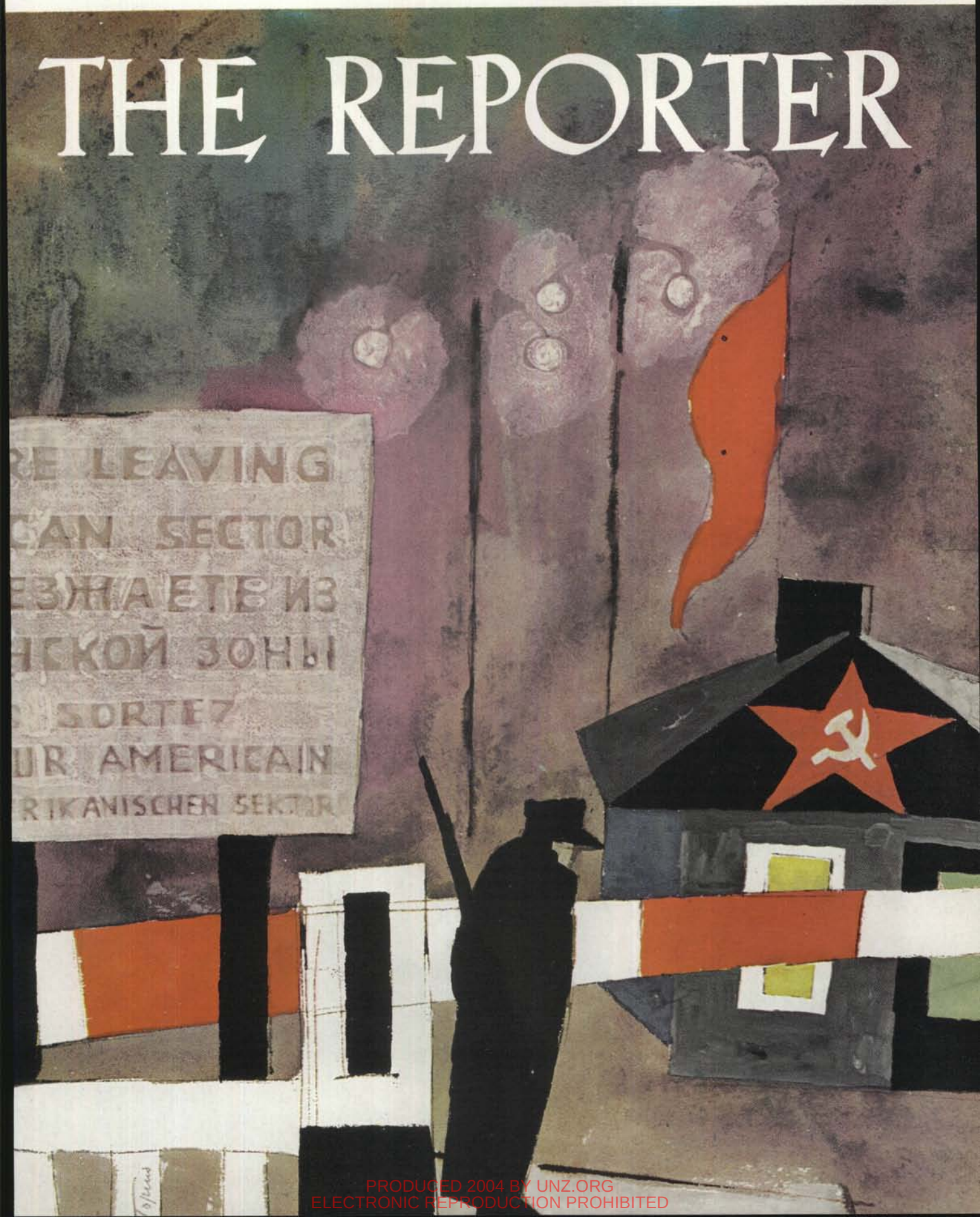
c May 14, 1959 25¢

VETERANS: THE HIGH COST OF PAST WARS

THE REPORTER

Summit Rehearsal



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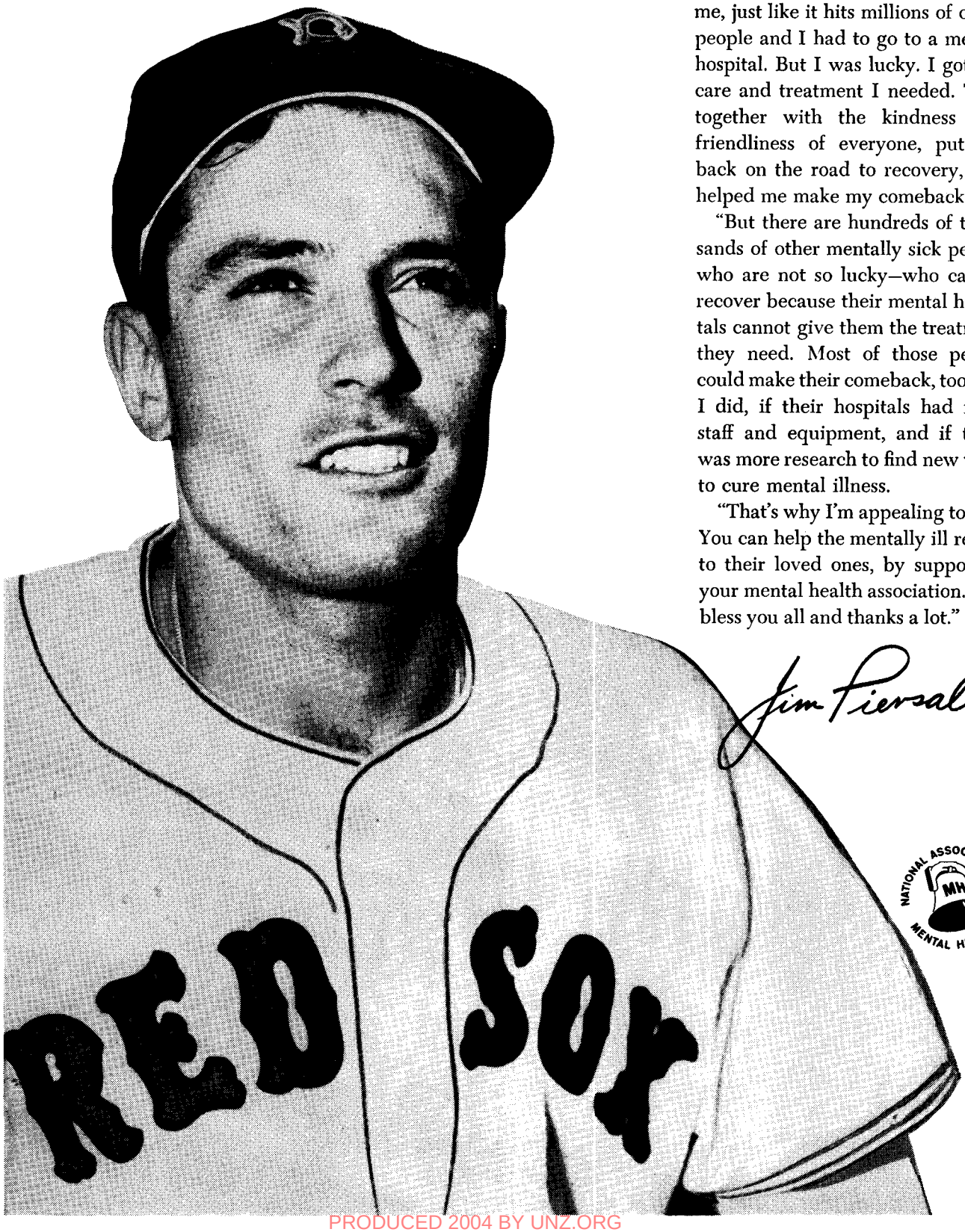
"I licked mental illness"



"Several years ago, mental illness hit me, just like it hits millions of other people and I had to go to a mental hospital. But I was lucky. I got the care and treatment I needed. That together with the kindness and friendliness of everyone, put me back on the road to recovery, and helped me make my comeback.

"But there are hundreds of thousands of other mentally sick people who are not so lucky—who cannot recover because their mental hospitals cannot give them the treatment they need. Most of those people could make their comeback, too, like I did, if their hospitals had more staff and equipment, and if there was more research to find new ways to cure mental illness.

"That's why I'm appealing to you. You can help the mentally ill return to their loved ones, by supporting your mental health association. God bless you all and thanks a lot."

Jim Piersall

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR MENTAL HEALTH

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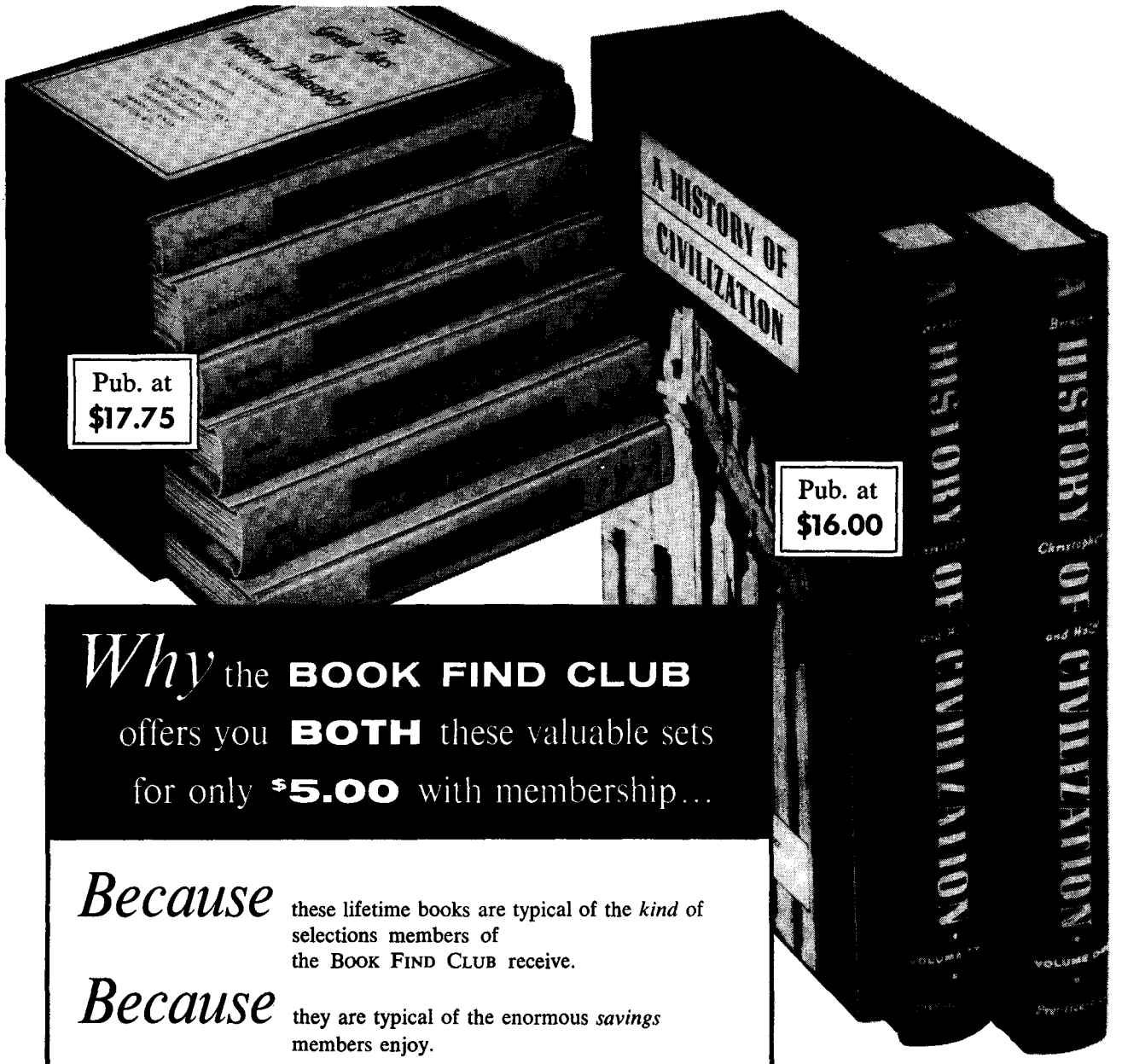

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

It's Over

When we learned of Mrs. Luce's decision not to go to Brazil, our first wish was to forget about the whole messy business. It had been too much. First her nomination to a new ambassadorial position, then the awakened memory of her nasty cracks in bygone years, then the kicking horse and all that followed, the President's comment included. Couldn't all these things that came, one after the other, one somehow caused by the other, be canceled from the record of things that happened, just as the first cause of it all, Mrs. Luce's nomination, has been canceled?

We cannot help, however, saying just a few parting words about the two protagonists. Wayne Morse has proved once more that he is a fearless man, always ready to carry out the duties that his passionate mind assigns him. We don't imagine he is in any way happy to have defeated the ambition of a woman, particularly since he could not have done it without the assistance of that woman. With her bitter gibe at Senator Morse, Mrs. Luce exhibited that compulsive inclination to verbal violence which she has overabundantly exhibited in her multifarious career.

But why was she entrusted with not one but two ambassadorships? It cannot be said of her that she has a passion for anonymity. She has a perfect right to assume that the high authorities, President or senators, who entrusted her with vital diplomatic assignments, had full knowledge of the person she is. Her qualities and faults were fully exhibited during her mission to Rome.

Then why did the overwhelming majority of the American press, in reporting her activities in Italy, take such a holiday from its duty to search for facts and tell the truth?

Among the exceptions we must list ourselves and, on occasion, the *Christian Science Monitor*. Yet when the news of Mrs. Luce's resignation came, we did not feel like indulging in any kind of self-congratulation. We just felt tired, as in a number of other instances during these ten years of *The Reporter's* existence—just tired of being right.

Our Feudal Lords

No one can predict at this moment whether there really is going to be a steel strike. But observing the three-ringed circus now on display—with labor, industry, and government all madly participating—is a highly educational experience. One could ask for no better demonstration of how anachronistic are the principles, habits, and states of mind that govern the most "advanced" sector of our economy.

Chairman Roger M. Blough of U.S. Steel is appalled at the proposal of Senators Kefauver and O'Mahoney that the steel industry should give advance notice of any price increase to the Federal Trade Commission, and should justify the increase in hearings before that body. The very idea, he says, "clearly contemplates the complete reversal of the basic economic and political concepts upon which this nation was founded," and could only lead to the "gradual destruction of the greatest industrial machine the world has thus far known."

David J. McDonald, president of the United Steelworkers, is equally emphatic that the subject of wage increases, whatever their relation to productivity or their effect on prices, falls entirely within the scope of his prerogative. "I wish Senator Kefauver would learn to keep his nose out of my business," he has declared with sovereign rudeness.

The Eisenhower administration, in its own version of the role of honest broker, has had the Bureau of Labor Statistics rush into print with a report showing that labor productivity has lagged far behind wages in the steel industry. Previously, it was the custom not to publish such reports while collective bargaining was in progress. In its haste, the Bureau committed some major statistical errors in estimating labor productivity, and the union's economists were quick to spot them. The net effect has been to discredit in advance any possible role for the government as a fair and impartial mediator.

One hardly knows whether to weep or to laugh. What could be clearer than that steel prices and steel wages are not a private affair? Not only does steel itself play a crucial role in the economy; its price and wage schedules are "pacesetters." Is it either unreasonable or subversive to suggest that the industry as a whole conduct itself with some respect for the public interest? Not only is the present organization of steel frighteningly rigid. It is rigid to no purpose—except the particular ones of steel managers and steel-union leaders.

Indeed, the Kefauver-O'Mahoney proposal, good as far as it goes, does not go far enough. Desirable as it may be to have a candid public record of the facts about steel prices, steel productivity, and steel wages,

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—SEC

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The three gentlemen pictured are **Lionel Trilling,** literary critic and Professor of English, **Jacques Barzun,** Dean of the Faculties of Columbia University, and **W. H. Auden,** Professor of Poetry of Oxford University. They will screen, from the best books published each year, the ones they want on their own bookshelves. These will be offered for your selection through The Mid-Century Book Society. The books will never be offered because of faddish appeal, but solely because they meet an undeviating standard of excellence. The criteria will be pleasure and permanence. **"The Mid-Century",** *a new monthly literary magazine, will be published by the Society, with a circulation limited to its members. It will contain original essays, important new poetry, and discussions of Mid-Century selections, viewed with complete candor.* In addition to receiving "The Mid-Century" free each month, members will enjoy the following advantages: *1) Each member will choose a minimum of four books a year, from those offered, plus a free book for every four purchased. Dividends are always chosen from the same list as the regular selections. 2) Members' prices and dividends will save you more than 50% each year. 3) The accounts of members will receive individual attention from the Society.*

The first selections are:

John Betjeman's Poems (A combined book and record offering) *Collected Poems of John Betjeman*—Houghton Mifflin Co. Not since Byron awoke and found himself famous has poetry had such a success. Betjeman's Collected Poems are selling 1000 copies a day in England. *The Golden Treasury of John Betjeman.* This Spoken Arts Recording is a collector's item. "Among records of poets reading their own work, this is certainly *the* most enjoyable. Listeners to his comments will understand why Mr. Betjeman has become a T.V. star in England, for he is a born performer."—W. H. Auden. *List price of this combined selection, $9.95 Member's price, $6.95*

The Portrait of Zélide by Geoffrey Scott. The N.Y. Times Book Review says: "A modern biographical classic... written by a master of English prose." Lionel Trilling says: "It is as entrancing as its subject, the brilliant and adorable woman who was the great love of Benjamin Constant before he came down in the world by attaching himself to Madame de Stael." *Just re-issued by Charles Scribner's Sons. List price, $3.50 Member's price, $2.95.* In addition to the first selection, the Society is sending, as a gift,

The House of Intellect,

to each new member. This is Mr. Barzun's latest and perhaps finest book, just published by Harper & Brothers at $5.00. *The coupon is here for your convenience, and to encourage your immediate participation in the Society.*

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this is only a preliminary step toward some kind of general program that would encourage economic expansion while stifling inflation.

Lacking is what A.A. Berle has called *le conscience du roi*—the sense of obligation and responsibility toward the larger community of which barons and villeins, managers and masses, are equally a part. The expression of this conscience in a binding juridical and administrative form is the major unfulfilled task of the American social order today.

A Short History of Modern Republicanism

Like *Beowulf*, Republican campaign slogans rely heavily on alliteration. (They are like *Beowulf* in other respects too, but never mind.) In 1952, there was Korea, Communism, and Corruption. This was followed, in 1954, by Peace, Progress, and Prosperity. Meade Alcorn, in resigning from the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee, counseled his party to follow three Fs for the 1960 election. They are Fortitude, Forbearance, and Faith.

How Not to Write a Bill

Washington observers can recall few weirder performances than that provided by the Senate during its debate on the Kennedy anti-racketeer labor bill, when a phalanx of Southern Democrats led by John McClellan (D., Arkansas) put through a "bill of rights" amendment that was the closest thing to a compulsory fair-employment-practices bill the Senate had ever passed. If that wasn't enough, Hubert Humphrey flew back from the West Coast in a belated effort to defeat it.

What happened? As best we can make out the frenzied events of that evening, McClellan, who was in charge of the move to "tighten" Senator Kennedy's bill, produced this amendment with little warning. It sounded good to the anti-union senators. It promised to involve labor unions in endless litigation, since any member or would-be member who felt that his rights were being violated could complain to the Secretary of Labor, who could then ask for Federal court action. It could be used as an ingenious instrument for union busting. But it could have other uses too, as the Southerners discovered next day after Vice-President Nixon broke the tie vote to insure its passage.

Read "Negro" for "union member" in the text, and you have a tough civil-rights bill with the very same Part III injunction clause that the Southern bloc had bitterly attacked in a civil-rights bill in 1957. Reportedly, Senators Russell, Talmadge, Thurmond, and Byrd, who had all supported Senator McClellan in blind faith, were fit to be tied.

Evidently it was one of those rare occasions when communications broke down completely. Nobody told McClellan what was really in his amendment, so he, of course, hadn't told the others. Nobody told Kennedy or Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson that the support for McClellan was as large as it turned out to be, so they didn't tell Humphrey and Paul Douglas (who was also off on a trip) to come back for the vote. And, a week later, after the senators had embarrassedly gotten together to revise the whole thing (even now it is still disturbingly loose), nobody bothered to tell the President that his own Secretary of Labor had come out against this approach to regulate unions. At his press conference, Eisenhower indicated he had thought the McClellan amendment "was a very fine thing."

Thinking Man's Viscount

About halfway through the CBS television interview with Bernard Law Montgomery a few weeks ago we began to get the vague impression that something was wrong with Edward R. Murrow. During the infrequent periods when the camera was on him he looked fidgety and ill at ease, and seemed not to know what to do with his hands. We mulled this over at some length before remembering what we had heard from a war correspondent: "Monty can't stand having people around him smoke. Before every press conference, Brigadier Neville comes in, smiles archly, and says, 'I must ask you not to smoke in the presence of the Supreme Commander.'"

So if the Montgomery telecast is historic in no other respect, it will be remembered as the one with the cigaretteless, matchless Murrow. Stripped of his veil of smoke, he looked sharp if somewhat nude, rather like Los Angeles on a clear, windy day.

These Things Were Said

¶ The American entertainment world—particularly motion pictures and music—is doing a better job indirectly in selling democracy and America to European nations than the U.S. State Dept. is accomplishing directly. This is the opinion formed by indie producer Herman Cohen, just returned from eight months abroad . . . Cohen produced two films in England, "Horrors of the Black Museum," and "The Headless Ghost," both for American International release . . ." —*Variety.*

¶ One of the odd by-products of a change of sex—and are these changes becoming more common or merely more widely reported?—may be its impact on the argument about equal pay . . . it does show up the absurdity of sex discrimination in salaries. —*New Statesman.*

¶ M.O.A. Baig, Secretary General of the [Baghdad] pact, told a reporter today the Iraqi defection had "removed the weakest link in our chain of defense." The remaining Middle Eastern members, Pakistan, Iran and Turkey, "feel closer than ever," he added . . . Mr. Baig's confident tone reflected evidences of a new "will to live" that has impressed diplomatic observers lately. Part of this may be ascribed to the fact that staff personnel housed provisionally all winter in unheated rooms of the new Turkish Parliament Building are now accommodated more comfortably and with greater permanence in a sunny wing of the structure.—*Report in the New York* Times.

¶ Before his Lotos Club call, Castro had visited the [New York] Times, an English-language morning newspaper.—*New York* Daily News.

¶ Located in a little alley right near the bank of the Tiber, the Hostaria was built about 1300 as a small hostelry. St. Francis of Assisi once stayed here, and Dante lived here as a pilgrim. In the Middle Ages it was Rome's most fashionable hotel, including among its guests Rabelais, Goethe and Montaigne. — *Richard Joseph in the New York* Post.

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CORRESPONDENCE

OUR FIRST DECADE

On the occasion of The Reporter's *tenth birthday, Max Ascoli wrote: "This anniversary gives us the opportunity for a sort of station identification. We ask our readers: is our signal clear and strong? Does it go as far as it could or should?" Here are some of the comments we have received so far. More will appear in our next issue.*

To the Editors: Your signal is clear and strong and the messages it carries are significant. *The Reporter* has become an important source of information about timely issues and a bulwark against the most insidious enemy of democracy which is apathy. Good wishes for your next ten years.

SARAH GIBSON BLANDING
President, Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, New York

To the Editors: The magazine has made a remarkably valuable contribution to the information people should have regarding the government of the United States and world affairs.

HARRY S. TRUMAN
Independence, Missouri

To the Editors: Thank you very much for inviting comment on the work of *The Reporter*. First, I agree thoroughly that it is written for me and indeed every American who cares about how to do his part of the job for peace and freedom in a just world. Perhaps the best summary of *The Reporter* is that it is a handbook for this very task. Issue after issue is inspirational, informational, or theme-indicating to me. Also, I like the wide range of *The Reporter* in terms of subject and geography, for it recognizes the ambit of our problem. Finally, *The Reporter* sees the "cold war" as the totality of mankind's aspirations for life's finest values, and that is as it should be.

My suggestions for improvement only come from the issues I like the best, and these are the tightly knit issues when one article relates to another and a complete presentation is made on some major subject from the lead editorial right on through. This gives a character and helpfulness to the magazine which makes it required reading in doing my job.

In short, thanks for the last ten years of *The Reporter* and for the next ten! We all need it!

JACOB K. JAVITS
U. S. Senate
Washington

To the Editors: Congratulations on this tenth anniversary of *The Reporter*—for the effective and consistent way in which it has filled a unique vacancy in our whole communications spectrum. And many thanks for the hours of good

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SAVE THE CHILDREN
FEDERATION

Christos has almost given up hope

Little Christos never has any fun. Life to this ten year old Greek boy is drudgery and bitter poverty. And yet, Christos has a dream . . . some day he will make life better for himself and his family. And so he walks many miles each day to attend third grade in a small, dark room that passes for a grammar school. He learns the lives of venerated men who gave so much to Greek culture and to the world—Aristotle, Plato, Socrates—and he dreams. In the late evening, he returns home leaving just enough time to do some errands and study his lessons. But life is so dark now . . . how long can he live and nurse his dream and carry hope in his heart?

Christos' parents were married just after the war when everyone hoped for a better future. Instead, Communist inspired uprisings spread over the country. Christos' father, joined the National Guard and took part in many battles. When guerilla bands entered his village they destroyed his house and burned all his belongings.

Life for Christos' family began all over—from nothing. They now live in a hut with a roof of straw. They own three pieces of furniture. All must sleep on straw mats on the cold earthen floor. Their only property is a quarter acre of land which the father cultivates early in the morning and after dark. During the daylight hours he must work on other farmers' land for daily wages to buy food.

Christos sees his father's plight and thinks."My father struggles for a better future; I must help him." At the age of 10, Christos still has hope.

Save the children and you save the family

If only someone could extend a hand to help Christos and his family help themselves, give them courage for the future that looks so dark at this moment. Someone can, and that someone is you. A child like Christos becomes "your child" through an SCF Sponsorship and receives food packages, warm clothing and many other material benefits in your name. But the whole family receives the greatest gift of all—"hope." You may correspond with your child and discover for yourself what your understanding and generosity means to a struggling family. Won't you please fill in the coupon now?

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reading it has given me personally and for the help it has provided.

CHET HUNTLEY
New York

To the Editors: . . . You have made a significant contribution to our country by the publication of your fine, intelligently edited magazine. I wish you even greater success in the years to come.

STANLEY MARCUS
Dallas

To the Editors: I was delighted to hear of the tenth anniversary issue of *The Reporter* and extend to you and the entire editorial staff my heartiest congratulations on this important occasion. You and your associates can well be proud of the many contributions *The Reporter* has made to a better understanding of the national and international scenes.

NELSON ROCKEFELLER
Albany

To the Editors: . . . Etranger, il m'est difficile d'apprécier les besoins intellectuels américains en faisant abstraction de ma mentalité de Français. Mais ce que, comme tel, je souhaite au premier chef dans un périodique—la poursuite de la vérité avant celle du gros tirage, le non-conformisme et la totale indépendance vis à vis des partis, des consortiums et des hommes—je le trouve en Amérique dans: *The Reporter*. . . . C'est vous dire que, lorsque je dispose de quelques loisirs, je lis *The Reporter*, malgré la difficulté que me cause votre habitude de l'imprimer en anglais. . . .

JULES MOCH
Paris

To the Editors: Congratulations on *The Reporter's* tenth birthday. Most of these ten years have been years during which liberalism has been on the wane, gathering latent strength, I hope, for its next outburst and flowering. During all this time you have kept alive liberal thoughts and given it encouragement.

You have rendered a really worthwhile service and I sincerely hope that *The Reporter's* next ten years will find you able to report a renaissance of liberal action.

G. MENNEN WILLIAMS
Lansing

To the Editors: In a short decade *The Reporter* has earned a unique place in American journalism. It maintains a consistent high standard of accuracy and integrity, with more than its share of genuinely great reporting. I admire its glandular reactions, including its slightly nostalgic passion for a liberalism that is being assaulted on all sides these days. I find in nearly every issue a nice surprise, an interesting treatment of a subject which is usually ignored in the rush of daily events. When does a journal come of age? I hope not in one decade, nor even in two. The young *Reporter* has been searching for its true

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role; we who have enjoyed the search may be forgiven the hope that you won't find it too soon.

DEAN RUSK, President
The Rockefeller Foundation
New York

To the Editors: My sincere congratulations to *The Reporter* on its tenth anniversary. I know of no publication that has achieved so much in such a short period of time and that, in addition, has made such an impact upon public thinking.

It is particularly important in these uneasy times that the public have brought to it discerning, penetrating analyses of events of the day. In this respect *The Reporter* has made an unusual contribution to better public understanding of both contemporary affairs and the problems that will confront us in the future.

My best wishes for its continued success.

JAMES M. GAVIN,
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the Editors: . . . I know that *The Reporter* has required an investment of much hard work, but it has yielded returns of great value and continues to be a resolute and courageous voice in the cause of reason. But I should add that none of this would have been possible had it not reflected at all times the courage and the heart of its Editor-in-Chief and Publisher, Max Ascoli!

I am glad that *The Reporter* is going like a house afire and I am warmed by it!

ADLAI E. STEVENSON
Chicago

LOCAL DISTURBANCE

To the Editors: Congratulations on exposing the intolerable dictatorship in I.A.M. Lodge 113 described by Paul Jacobs in "Mr. Hayes Settles a Local Disturbance" (*The Reporter*, April 2). As a member of this union I am most grateful for your article in hope that it will help to restore democracy in our union.

ANTHONY CHMIELAK
Chicago

To the Editors: I am taking the time to write to you in protest of Paul Jacobs's article, which in my opinion was misinformed and biased.

I am a Tool and Die Maker with twenty-two years' experience and a dues-paying member of Tool & Die Lodge No. 113 for the last fourteen years. I have been a shop committeeman and a shop steward. Since March 1, 1958, I am the elected Directing Business Representative of Tool and Die Lodge No. 113. To this day I have never been approached by your reporter or any of your staff in regard to the article as reported in your magazine. Doesn't this seem odd for a magazine that is supposed to represent the facts?

I am very much surprised that you would allow a story to come to print without being aware of both sides of

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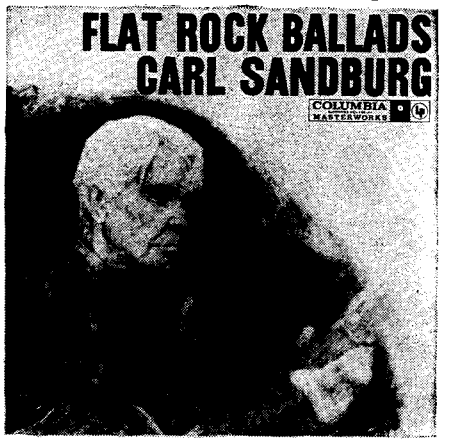

Someone once asked Carl Sandburg what he wanted out of life. He mentioned being out of jail, eating "regular", getting what he wrote printed and "a little love at home". "And then, maybe the fifth thing I need," he said, "it seems like every day when I'm at all in health, I got to sing." Here's a collection of the songs Mr. Sandburg's "got" to sing—American songs which have come down through the generations.

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the issues involved. It is indeed very odd that your reporter never checked his "facts" with the lodge officers, business representatives or any of the membership before reporting this article.

MICHAEL E. SIKORA
Cicero, Illinois

To the Editors: The reference to me wherein Marion Ciepley asserted that I attempted to have him fired by his present employer is not true.

PAUL J. BURNSKY
Grand Lodge Representative
Deputy Administrator
International Association of Machinists
Tool and Die Makers Lodge No. 113
Chicago

To the Editors: The deputy administrator did telephone us to inform us of the background of Mr. Ciepley in relation to the International Association of Machinists. We were not requested to fire the man.

BRUCE KRASBERG, President
R. Krasberg & Sons
Chicago

To the Editors: Mr. Jacobs quotes Ciepley as asserting that his "employer was telephoned by the deputy administrator and advised to fire him." This shop referred to is a plant that I service as part of my duties as business representative. To my knowledge this is not fact and only based on Ciepley's statement. At no time was I or anyone else of this office approached to check out this story. Mr. Jacobs has only taken information from one source.

FRANK THOMAS
Maywood, Illinois

To the Editors: Since the publication of the article by Paul Jacobs, I have been fired from my job mentioned in his article. Despite the economic sanction imposed upon me by the unsavory element in our union leadership, I find your magazine a symbol of courage to print factual cases without yielding to pressure groups that would suppress the shameful situation in our union.

MARION CIEPLEY
Chicago

Mr. Jacobs Comments:

The complaints that I did not attempt to discuss the situation in Local 113 with officials of the IAM are completely untrue.

Before writing the article I communicated with the public-relations director of the IAM at its national headquarters in Washington, asking to see either Mr. Hayes or Vice-President Siemiller, the administrator of the lodge. I then went to Washington and met the public-relations director, who informed me that neither Mr. Hayes nor Mr. Siemiller, who is in the Chicago area, would see me to discuss the case. Since Mr. Hayes felt it was an internal union matter, the public-relations director stated that he

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also was unable to answer any of my questions or give me the IAM's version of what had taken place. After I had written the article, I had still another conversation with the same union official, when he reiterated the union's refusal to discuss it with me. I then talked with the union's chief counsel, who was also not able to give me any specific comment on the case because of Mr. Hayes's policy. At the local union level, in Chicago, the newspapers have carried a number of accounts of the developments in the case, accompanied by statements that the local officers and administrators had also refused to discuss the matter with reporters there.

Why did Mr. Burnsky, the deputy administrator, find it necessary to call Krasberg & Sons and inform them of Mr. Ciepley's "background"?

It is unfortunate that the responsible IAM officials involved in the case refused to discuss the factional fight in Local 113 with me. But those members who are aggrieved at this situation should direct their complaints to Mr. Hayes, not at me.

THE HOWARD CASE

To the Editors: You might be interested to know that Jeffrey E. Fuller's "The Due Processing of Asbury Howard" (*The Reporter*, April 16) was the immediate prelude to what might be called a spontaneous and gratuitous expression of a grassroots opinion on the real worth of Negroes. I was helping with the repair of some farm machinery and had read the article during a lull in the work. I had just stepped out of the truck to resume working when the farmer for whom we were doing the repairing and who had, at that moment, appeared on the scene, initiated conversation with me by asking me where I had been stationed while in the Army. I told him and he continued by asking me if there were any "niggers" in my outfit. I said that there were none. He continued further by remarking that there was always trouble when there were niggers around and especially if they were with "their own kind."

He ended the conversation by saying, "Now I think there are a lot of good niggers. But they're all dead."

I replied with an embarrassed laugh.

I now realize that much of the cause for the evil of American race relations is contained in that scene. The ignorant and brutal men represented by the farmer succeed in coercing and cowing people who are fairly well-informed and who care. These people are represented by myself.

In the North there is assumed to be a glimmer of tolerance. But the scene, taken generally, is a sorry commentary on the hopeful assumptions of progress. The principle is present, but the courage is largely absent. What, then, is to become of the principle?

STEPHEN L. SANGER
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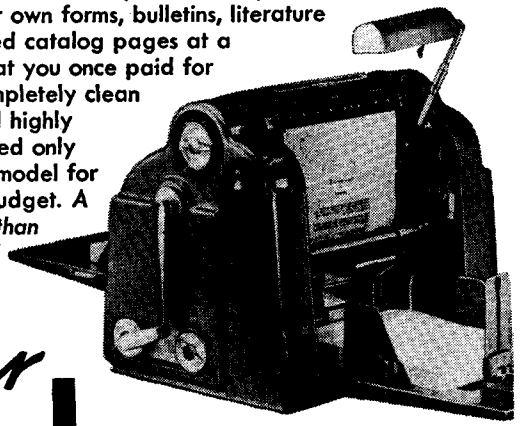

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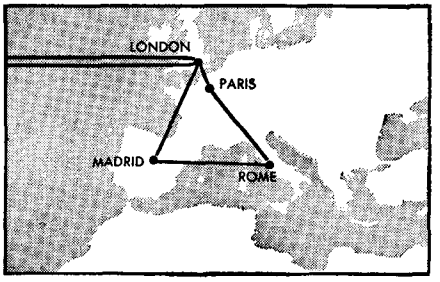

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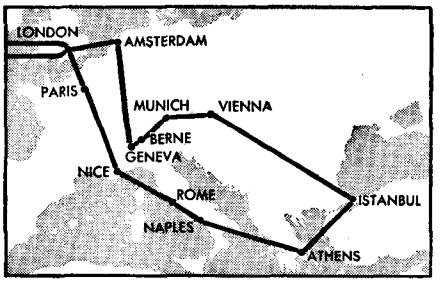

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By RICHARD F. FENNO, Jr.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE EAST-WEST foreign ministers' conference about to take place will be an extraordinary meeting in more ways than one. The closer we get to the summit the more widespread becomes the feeling that not much, if anything at all, is going to happen. This is reassuring, if a little bewildering, after all the drama and suspense. The purpose of both the foreign ministers' and the summit meetings seems to be, as **Max Ascoli** suggests in his editorial, to deactivate a bomb that is not there. Both the summit and the pre-summit meetings can, however, be of limited usefulness, for it never does any harm for men to get together—particularly when they don't have too heavy an agenda before them. The leaders at the summit might even enjoy some relaxation and leisure. The Gettysburg farm where the President has entertained such guests as Nehru and Adenauer, and shown them his cows, could provide an ideal setting. Khrushchev is the only one of all the leaders who may have some apprehensions about the meeting, for the balance of power is likely to remain substantially unchanged. That being so, why did he make such a fuss and raise so hot a question as that of Berlin? And why did he put that silly semi-ultimatum—May 27?

WE PRESENT in this issue three reports—from Paris, London, and Washington—that give some indication of the problems of the West as seen from these three capitals. **Edmond Taylor,** our regular Paris correspondent, calls attention to Charles de Gaulle, who is likely to play a role disproportionate to the present power of trouble-beset France. **Alastair Buchan,** who is director of the Institute for Strategic Studies in London, discusses the present condition of NATO, which leaves some room for improvement. **Senator Fulbright** has some cogent advice for both our policymakers in the Executive branch of the government and for our NATO allies.

Our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** deals in his article with a crucial fact: veteran expenditures are higher than the already staggering cost of past wars. And if current pressures are not resisted, they may go higher yet. . . . **William L. Abbott** is a labor writer who lives in Akron, Ohio. . . . **Denis Warner,** an Australian journalist, is constantly on the move throughout the Far East. He has contributed several reports from that area in past issues. He is also the author of *Out of the Gun,* published in London in 1956.

MARYA MANNES has recently given further evidence of her versatility when for a week she was a sort of professor at the University of Colorado. . . . **Kathryn Feuer,** who lectures on Russian literature at the University of California, is in the process of writing two books. The first, on the subject dealt with in her article, will be a detailed and comprehensive study of the writing of *War and Peace.* The second, to be published by Doubleday at the end of this year, is a historical account of Rasputin and the *ancien régime* in Russia. . . . **Edith Witt,** who lives in San Francisco, is Research Director for the MRB Index of Advertising and Marketing Publications. She really is. . . . **Jay Jacobs** has been reviewing movies regularly for the last several issues. . . . **Louis H. Pollak** is an associate professor at the Yale Law School, specializing in Constitutional law. He was law clerk to the late Supreme Court Justice Wiley B. Rutledge and writes occasionally on legal problems for the New York *Herald Tribune.* . . . **Alfred Kazin** appears regularly in our book-review section. . . . **Theodore Draper** is the author of *The Roots of Communism* (Viking, 1957), the first of a three-volume history of the American Communist Party. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is executive editor of *High Fidelity.*

The cover painting of a German border point is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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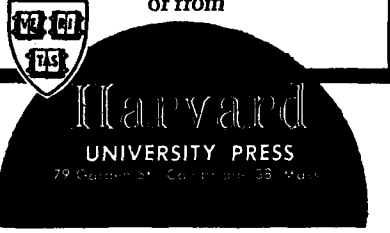

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The Incongruous Pantomime

THE GREAT DAY of the somewhat postponable showdown gets closer and closer; the foreign ministers of the two blocs scurry around, trailed by a retinue of free-wheeling, self-appointed saviors of mankind, who keep frantically producing plans and schemes and constructive solutions. "Constructive" is the key word, closely followed by two others —"flexible" and "negotiable."

In the western camp the dissensions among the major powers on how to face the Russian threat cannot be hidden by resounding declarations of unbreakable unity. Public opinion in the West should be depressed and jittery as the days go by and the great rendezvous with destiny approaches.

Yet rather than mounting anxiety there is a creeping sense of anticlimax. Diplomats, politicians out of power, and busybodies of the molder-of-opinion variety are, to be sure, more tirelessly than ever at work concocting schemes for disengagement, or for a gradual confederacy of the two Germanies, or for a mutual security pact between NATO and the Warsaw Pact nations. But the closer it comes, the more one has the feeling that the scheduled Armageddon is fizzling out in talks and talks and talks.

There will be a summit meeting and a foreign ministers' rehearsal for the summit. But these events seem to have been deflated, their outcome evaporated in the frantic expectations of their happening. In a way, all the babbling about the summit has been a substitute for the summit. The same is true of the May 27 Armageddon.

It is as if the test of will, if not of arms, between West and East were turning out to be something like an incongruous pantomime ending with the main actors in as rigid a posture as they held before, while a number of extras on the stage keep blowing colored soap bubbles that go by the name of flexible, constructive, negotiable plans.

MAYBE it is too early to say it, but in my opinion this German crisis that Khrushchev has precipitated will go down in history as a silly show. The silliness is mostly Khrushchev's. With his crude impulsiveness, he has attacked the Allies on grounds where, for all the weakness and disunity of their leaders, they cannot possibly yield. Or maybe he never actually aimed at strangling West Berlin and wrenching the Federal Republic from the Alliance. Maybe he wanted just to scare NATO, not dismember it. For all his volatility, he certainly knows how precarious is the balance of forces in Europe, and how hazardous any change in the existing order can turn out to be.

In spite of all his designs of further conquest, which as a Marxist he cannot possibly abandon, Khrushchev knows that he is overextended in eastern Europe, and that he cannot rely on the loyalty of the eastern European peoples. He wants to keep what he has, and asks the western powers to give him a backing that he could never obtain from the peoples he dominates. The Russian empire has staked a claim on us and, at the same time, it wants us to endorse the power it exerts over eastern Europe.

This concern with legitimacy is perhaps the most significant feature of the Berlin crisis. The international community has been made lawless by Communist aggressiveness, and yet the men of the Kremlin themselves seem to be obsessed by the urge to gain lawful title to their possessions—including, perhaps, Russia. They are not even satisfied with diplomatic or *de jure* recognition of Communist governments, or with the fact that most of these governments are in the U.N. They want a further recognition, a guarantee on our part that the present state of affairs in Communist countries will never be subjected to change. They know it is temporary, and they demand our assistance in the perpetuation of the temporary.

I would not be surprised if Khrushchev never wanted to have an iota changed in the situation that prevails in Berlin and in Germany. All that he wants of us are certificates of legitimacy, presumably reissuable whenever, for some reason, he does not feel secure.

It is surprising that, at least as far as I know, nobody has suggested the simplest of all schemes for soothing Khrushchev's apprehensions: Allied troops should be sent to garrison the capitals of the People's Republics of eastern Europe—and first of all East Berlin. I hereby suggest this plan and am fully ready to develop it upon request, as evidence that I too can produce constructive, flexible, and negotiable schemes.

THE GERMAN CRISIS, with all its deadlines or ultimata, comes from the fact that we, as well as the Russians, are stuck. For the time being, there is no conceivable way of changing the existing order of things. The methods of strategy as well as of diplomacy are of no avail. It is reassuring, however, to realize how obsessed the Communists are by the fear that things might get unstuck. Khrushchev is hell-bent on going to the summit. The *de facto* head of the Communist empire wishes to be crowned by the western heads of government. He will come down from the summit a sadly disappointed man.

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PARIS:

De Gaulle Takes A Leading Role

EDMOND TAYLOR

THE DAY after President Charles de Gaulle's press conference of March 25, which intrigued the diplomatic world by its ostensible disclosure of an unprecedented Paris-Bonn axis inside NATO, I happened to be in the company of a Polish Communist correspondent and a West German journalist reputed to enjoy the confidence of Chancellor Adenauer. Like myself they had attended the picturesque ceremony at the Elysée Palace the day before. The Pole naturally welcomed de Gaulle's endorsement of the *status quo* along the Oder-Neisse frontier; it was perhaps not surprising that in his enthusiasm he appeared to have scarcely noticed the general's granite rigidity on most other aspects of the German question, or the truculent anti-Communism of the whole statement. The Bonn correspondent's reaction was equally extreme. Not content with merely deploring the *gaffe* about the Oder-Neisse line, he gave the impression by his sour comments that, despite the general's nearly unqualified support for the Adenauer stand on Berlin, the press conference was a kind of stab in the back for the old chancellor and for the whole cause of "Little Europe."

The incident illustrates the tendency of foreign observers on both sides of the Iron Curtain to draw often wildly contradictory conclusions about de Gaulle's intentions. The very passages in de Gaulle's statement that were deplored by French Mendésists and some American Kennanites as obstacles to a negotiated settlement of the Berlin problem, based on a general "disengagement" in central Europe, aroused so much interest in Moscow that Khrushchev promptly dispatched one of his most trusted trouble-shooters—Yuri Zhukov, formerly chief editor of *Pravda*—on a secret mission to Paris to find out exactly what was in the general's mind and to encourage him to spell out certain hints dropped during the press conference.

De Gaulle sometimes deliberately strikes a note of Delphic ambiguity in his foreign-policy statements, just as he does in those dealing with domestic affairs, but a good deal of the current confusion about his intentions stems from failure in the chancelleries of the world to analyze closely enough his highly personal concepts and techniques of diplomatic communication. Like other masters of modern prose, de Gaulle needs a "hard" reading to be fully understood; unlike certain of his contemporaries, he is difficult to read mainly because he uses language with a precision to which even professional diplomats of the old school are no longer accustomed. A policy bombshell sometimes lurks in a subordinate clause, while an unexpected adjective or noun may cut like a knife—not because de Gaulle wants to be cutting but because he is trying to be perfectly clear.

The Jurisprudence of *Grandeur*

Another factor of confusion is that, in both foreign and domestic affairs, de Gaulle as the leader of a quasi-revolutionary French régime is often more concerned with founding a new tradition than with solving immediate problems. At home he is necessarily preoccupied with details of protocol and procedure, even of official style and tone, that help define his concept of the presidency. In international affairs he is similarly concerned with expressing his concept of the French presence, in formulating what might be termed the jurisprudence of *grandeur*. When he sounds like Louis XIV it is because he thinks it important to remind the world that France is, among other things, the country of Louis XIV; it does not necessarily mean he is preparing to demand the return of Canada.

The most dangerous misconceptions and misunderstandings in regard to de Gaulle's foreign policy occur in the NATO area. Here considerations of prestige and of vital national interest—even of national survival—get inextricably entangled. The problem is further complicated by the fact that de Gaulle rather fancies himself—with some justification in the light of history—as a military philosopher, and that he has always attached special importance to moral and psychological factors in war. His strategic doctrines alone would suffice to bring him into conflict with Supreme Allied Commander Lauris Norstad, and with the NATO civilian secretary-general, Paul-Henri Spaak. Both men honestly believe that the NATO military shield, at least if it is strengthened materially, is sound enough to fulfill its strategic purpose. De Gaulle, just as honestly, is convinced—like former Deputy Supreme Commander the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein—that its intricate supranational command structure would collapse disastrously

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under the psychological and material strains of thermonuclear war; in fact, he appears to question seriously NATO's ability to hold together in the face of a first-class diplomatic crisis.

A Consistent Policy

Justifying the recent French decision to withdraw the French Mediterranean Fleet from NATO command, de Gaulle argued in his press conference that the alliance would actually be stronger if there was more emphasis among member states on "co-operation in which each one carries his own load," and less on "integration . . . in which peoples and governments find themselves more or less deprived of their role and responsibilities in the domain of their own defense." The argument is controversial, to say the least, but there is no reason to think that de Gaulle's faith in co-operation is any less sincere than his skepticism with regard to integration. In the various European institutions where France's relative *grandeur* is taken for granted, the French representatives have, since de Gaulle came to power, consistently manifested their frank though not fanatical dislike of the supranational principle and just as consistently have supported efforts to widen the area of European co-operation—as in the recent French proposal for a general energy pool, like the Coal and Steel Community but without the latter's supranational authority.

Farsighted enthusiasts for the supranational principle like Dr. Spaak regret that the dominant U.S. and British leadership in NATO has not given greater consideration to the viewpoint of enlightened Continental nationalists like de Gaulle.

"It is difficult to see how a member of the Alliance can agree to have long-range atomic missiles based on its soil without having some share in the responsibility for their use," Spaak wrote in the April issue of *Foreign Affairs*. And alluding to France's effort to win a seat in the great-power atomic club by developing its own atomic weapon, he added: "It will succeed, but at what a sacrifice! Would it not be wiser to spare France such effort and thus free it to devote its energies to the common good?"

If President Eisenhower, when he was here in December, 1957, had been willing or able to offer France full participation in some form of NATO nuclear research and weapons pools under supranational authorities, France now might be so deeply committed to the principle of integration that even de Gaulle would not think of questioning it. Today few Frenchmen count on the possibility of any major change in U.S. atomic policy; yet most French military thinkers—like those in Switzerland, Sweden, and virtually every country that has the rudiments of an atomic capability—consider that eventual possession of nuclear retaliatory power, however slight, is a prerequisite not only of *grandeur* but of full national sovereignty.

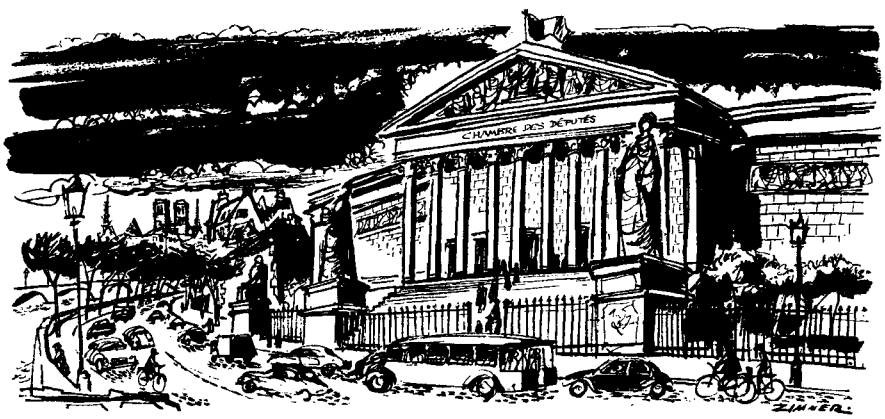
French interest in NATO would undoubtedly pick up if there were some positive response to the letter that de Gaulle sent last September to Washington and London urging a broadening of political consultation within the NATO framework and claiming special recognition for France's role as a great power. Since then there have been numerous hints that the general would be willing to tone down his originally somewhat extreme proposals. A recent article in *Le Monde*, for example, suggested that the top-level policy committee proposed by France might take a leaf from the U.N. Security Council and add one or more rotating, nonpermanent members to the Big Three—the United States, Britain, and France. So far the reactions in Washington—and even more in London—have not been encouraging from the French viewpoint, and de Gaulle's disappointment—or simply boredom—was unmistakably reflected in the tone and content of his press conference.

This does not imply, as some observers have feared, that de Gaulle is planning to "pull out of NATO" or to sabotage it by his intransigence. "You can never really solve international problems," the general recently told a group of French diplomatic correspondents. "You have to learn to live with them." He was thinking mainly of Berlin, but the same viewpoint no doubt applies in his mind to the problems of NATO.

The Crucial Passage

There is no "axis" with Bonn in the sense of a commitment that limits the freedom of maneuver of either partner. This is demonstrated by de Gaulle's failure to consult Chancellor Adenauer—whom he had seen only a few days earlier—before tossing out his bombshell about the German frontiers. The general's press conference unquestionably disclosed an increasing investment of French interest and energy in the development of closer Franco-German relations. But what the press conference did reveal above all was a renewal of de Gaulle's interest—first manifested last summer at the time of the Middle Eastern crisis—in playing a major role on the stage of East-West relations. His unyielding stand on Berlin, the rejection of the "disengagement" concept, the firm tone of the whole speech, the ideological propaganda shafts, all indicated the limits de Gaulle was determined to impose on western, including French, diplomacy in negotiations with Moscow.

But several of the alternative doors that de Gaulle opened—or hinted at opening—aroused extraordinary interest in the Kremlin, judging from Zhukov's talks with French officials here. One of these doors of course



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was the reference to a possible German renunciation of the lost territories in the East. Another was the vague suggestion of technical negotiations between East and West Germany in the framework of what de Gaulle queerly termed *la chose allemande,* literally the German thing or entity. Still another was his seemingly casual, almost contemptuous remark that no demilitarized zone in Europe would be compatible with French security unless it reached as close to the Urals as to the Atlantic. This also seemed unexpectedly interesting to the Soviets, although it is no doubt much more interesting to the Poles, to whom the general's thoughts frequently return.

The most surprising Soviet reaction, however, was the interest manifested in private conversations—but not in the Soviet press—in de Gaulle's suggestion that the powers stop wasting time over trifles like Berlin, renounce their territorial and ideological ambitions, and work for human betterment by setting up a grandiose new aid program—apparently unrelated to what the United Nations, Britain, and the United States have been doing all these years—on behalf of the undeveloped countries. At first it was widely supposed that this passage, seemingly rather hastily prepared and not completely thought out, was merely a little harmless idealistic trimming to the more political ones. Now the belief is growing in well-informed circles here that in de Gaulle's own mind it was the most important thing he had to say during the conference. According to these same French circles, Khrushchev agrees with him and has intimated unofficially that if de Gaulle brings up his proposal at the summit conference, he will get wholehearted Soviet support for it.

IT IS NOT EASY to make out whether anything really significant underlies all the intimating that is going on here now, but if the reported Soviet intimation is authoritative—and this is a very big "if"—and if de Gaulle, as seems likely, pushes on with his new aid program, he may be able eventually to score a major victory for French *grandeur.*

LONDON:

A Backstage View of the Alliance

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

WHEN THE North Atlantic Treaty Organization celebrated its tenth birthday in Washington at the beginning of April, even the Soviet press felt obliged to mark the occasion. Accordingly, *Red Star,* the Soviet Army newspaper, ran a standard piece of vituperation, among whose concluding paragraphs was the following:

"A serious factor which weakens NATO *is the intensification of contradictions between its various members. Each country is struggling to get the better of its neighbors, and in this way to strengthen its position within the capitalist camp.* NATO's *history provides many examples of serious disputes on a variety of aspects of the alliance's activities between the imperialist robbers themselves."*

As the emissaries and leaders of the "robber" states dispersed to their various capitals, there were many who were half prepared to acknowledge that for once *Red Star* was not far wrong.

What has been most disturbing about recent events—the failure to agree on anything but the very first principles of an approach to the summit, the harsh words between London and Bonn, the confusing statements from Washington, the increasingly lofty and detached attitude evident in Paris—is that the present crisis is concerned with an area and a problem that lie at the very heart of NATO's responsibilities. For several years now, those concerned with the health of the alliance have comforted each other by reflecting that the disputes within its inner councils arose from the fact that the focus of East-West tension had moved to the Far East or the Middle East, areas where the member powers had never pretended that their views or interests were identical. With Berlin the issue, such comfort is no longer available.

The Vacant Seat

A number of unpleasant facts concerning the cohesion of NATO glare from the record of the months since Khrushchev first threw down the gage of Berlin. The first is that for the time being the United States is no longer the undisputed leader of the alliance. It is of course still the strongest country, the most generous country, the country that has fulfilled its obligations to the alliance with the greatest scrupulousness. It is the one country that can fully prevent its allies from doing anything foolish. But Washington has lost any form of intellectual ascendancy over London, Paris, or Bonn of a kind that would reconcile their conflicting views.

"Il n'existe pas," I heard a European diplomat say recently when asked how he thought President Eisenhower might react to a particular point; and the fact that there seems to be no government in Washington, coupled with what appears from here to be the increasing dominance of the Pentagon, has rekindled the fears of American bellicosity over

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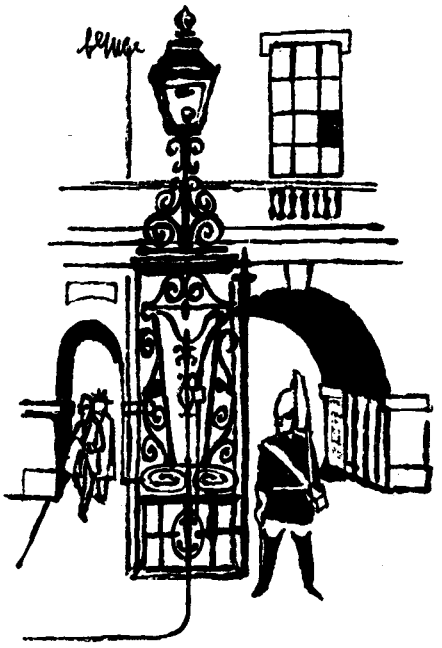
Berlin that lie never very far below the surface. (Are the Russians aware, one wonders, that NATO is always politically at its weakest in the first three months of any calendar year, when the various Congressional committees are holding their hearings on the U.S. defense budget and admirals and generals are goaded by the need to defend their appropriations into making apocalyptic statements about missiles, surprise attacks, and preventive wars, which are then splashed in banner headlines across the newspapers of America's allies?) The British press is at the moment filled with rumors that the Pentagon is toying with the idea of preventive war, and the fact that it will be nearly two years before the White House will have an incumbent who can make clear the distinction between firmness and saber rattling fills thoughtful people in Britain and Europe with intense gloom.

IT HAS been vividly demonstrated in the last few months, however, that no British leader can fill the vacant seat at the head of the table. The majority of British public opinion, whether of Right or Left, is at present puzzled and resentful over the rough handling Mr. Macmillan's various proposals have had from his allies. Britons feel that he has done the alliance a great service in taking some of the heat out of the Berlin crisis, as evidenced by Khrushchev's abandonment of the ultimatum date of May 27, the milder tone of his last note, and his reference to the possibility of associating the U.N. with a Berlin settlement.

The general sentiment within the alliance that Macmillan has been motivated by a desire to spike the guns of Aneurin Bevan and win the next election is particularly resented by his own supporters. In making no bones about the inevitability of a divided Germany for the foreseeable future and in trying to work out a new status for the city that fits this fact, they believe that Macmillan has been less hypocritical than Washington or Bonn. They feel that he has done a remarkable job in shifting the crisis from the military to the political plane, and has got very little thanks for his trouble. In particular, Adenauer's pointed reference in a broadcast to the "wirepullers" behind the British press was met with a storm of editorial indignation in London, and the reminder that it is not for the Germans to give lessons on democracy and a free press. In-



deed, the strained official relations between London and Bonn have been brought down to the level of a public row.

Accidents and New Designs

There are some temporary and accidental factors in what must now be called the failure of the Macmillan initiative. Though the central ideas the prime minister brought back from Moscow were straightforward enough—that it was essential to negotiate with the Soviet government if a direct clash over Berlin was to be avoided, that Khrushchev was the only man in Moscow worth negotiating with, and that at this particular juncture the most useful objective for such negotiations would be to commit the Russians to some system of joint inspection and control—he allowed his officials to confuse flexibility with vagueness in talking to journalists and Allied diplomats, with disastrous effects.

His visit to Bonn happened to coincide with the moment when Adenauer, wrestling with the decision to resign the chancellorship, could lend him only one ear. Moreover, being at the end of one career, the chancellor was especially sensitive to the charges of immobilism that were being hurled by the less responsible section of the British press. Macmillan's visit to Paris came at a time when French official and commercial opinion was particularly exultant over the launching of the Common Market without any compromise with Britain, and when President de Gaulle was in one of his most mystic moods.

But those who have simply cast Britain and its prime minister in the role of the misunderstood have overlooked the extent to which Britain has become isolated from a continental western Europe that is all the time becoming relatively more dynamic and influential than Britain itself. The scaling down of Britain's contribution to the NATO "shield" in the interests of closer nuclear co-operation with the United States and its failure to negotiate an agreement with the Common Market have brought about a steady diminution of British influence in Paris and Bonn, capitals that will now be ruled for probably another five years at least by two of the most strong-minded—or pigheaded—men in the West. For the moment the English Channel seems almost as wide as the Atlantic, and the British government must content itself with the knowledge that its views both on Berlin and on the right way to approach the summit are shared by the smaller NATO countries—Canada, Norway, Denmark, and to a lesser extent Italy—countries that have no direct responsibility for the problem, however.

WHATEVER ONE'S VIEWS about the soundness of a "flexible" approach, it is difficult to suppose that the new-found identity of interest between Paris and Bonn is of itself going to contribute greatly to the political strength of the alliance. For all the dignified calm of de Gaulle and Adenauer about the threat to Berlin, it is the British and American strategic reserves that would have to be brought into play if the situation deteriorated, and the British and American forces in Germany that would have to take the brunt of any flare-up. The German divisions will not be battle-worthy formations for several years, and the French

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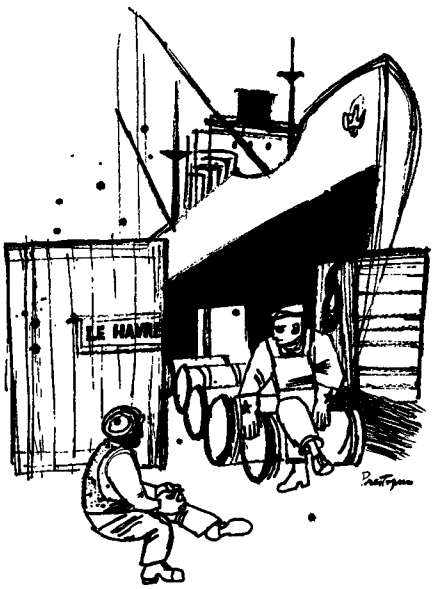
Army could never be disentangled from Algeria in time. No one, in London or elsewhere, can doubt the sincerity of Adenauer's passionate attachment to the western alliance. But de Gaulle's attachment to Adenauer often seems to rest on a fairly cynical calculation that this is the surest way to increase his bargaining power in London and Washington.

The Nation-State Mentality

Presumably some sort of Allied position will have been hammered out before the foreign ministers meet in Geneva, though there is some speculation in European diplomatic circles that the summit meeting may not occur this summer, since Khrushchev will see little value in negotiating with a United States whose administration is declining in authority, with a Great Britain whose prime minister could be defeated at the polls this year, and a West Germany whose chancellor is soon to leave that office. But the events of the last few months have given a discouraging insight into what NATO might become during the second decade of its existence: a loose coalition of nationalistic powers rather than the tight-knit entity of which its first ten years gave promise.

Whatever the likelihood that the United States may become less committed to Europe once it has developed a full range of intercontinental weapons, there is no doubt that the combination of a not very highly trusted American administration with an unfriendly western Europe could create a more aloof attitude to the alliance in a Britain whose own nuclear capability is expanding. Perhaps the specific acts of de Gaulle—the withdrawal of the French Mediterranean Fleet from NATO command, the refusal to accept missile bases unless he is given full control of the warheads, and the refusal to integrate France's fighter defenses with those of its neighbors—are not of great military importance. But his basic attitude toward NATO's military planning, that it is unnecessary in peacetime and inhibits the moral regeneration of the French Army, could bring the basic defense organization to a grinding halt. And there are many officials, including Germans, who fear that in default of a strong American lead, Germany might catch this nationalistic fever once the direct authority of Adenauer has been removed. It is no accident that Franz Joseph Strauss, the German defense minister, made a speech two days after the chancellor's announcement of his intentions, asserting Germany's right to its own armament industry, before dashing off to Washington to speed up his supply of tactical nuclear weapons, lest there be any talk of Germany's renunciation of them as a diplomatic counterweight in the Berlin or summit negotiations. The history of loose coalitions has not been a particularly encouraging one, from the days of Athens and Sparta onward.

THE SAD THING is that this glimpse of the abyss occurs at a time when the supranational institutions of the alliance have acquired a vitality and a leadership they have never had before. The NATO Council, the permanent gathering of ambassadors that sits in Paris under the chairmanship of Secretary-General Paul-Henri Spaak, has increased in importance and influence in the last two years. There has been some very plain speaking in it of late, and the bigger powers with interests outside NATO—in the Middle East or Africa or the Pacific—are at last beginning to acquire the habit of discussing their policies before taking action, instead of trying to justify them afterward.



In contrast to the discreet Lord Ismay, the first secretary-general, who played an invaluable part in building up the prestige of the Council, Spaak is a politician by training. This means that he is not afraid to play with ideas, even if he occasionally comes a cropper or incurs the wrath of member governments. He has plans for associating European and American universities with the work of NATO, and for the co-opting of good unofficial as well as official minds to work on the thornier problems that confront it. The dusty corridors of the Palais de Chaillot hum with activity in the wake of his spherical figure.

No one could present a more complete physical contrast to the secretary-general than the Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, who also has imparted a new dynamism to the institutions of the alliance. It is fair to say that General Lauris Norstad is the most deeply respected American officer who has ever served in Europe—General Eisenhower not excluded. This fact is the more remarkable since Europeans tend to distrust U.S. Air Force generals. But Norstad, by a mixture of tact, firmness, and real intellectual ability, has acquired a commanding position not only with European soldiers but with politicians as well. For instance, when Britain was arguing with its partners in western Europe on the reduction of British forces in Germany, it was Norstad's authority alone that persuaded them that a reduction from four to three divisions would not do any great harm. And it was his authority that persuaded a determined British government that any further reduction would be politically and militarily disastrous.

Unlike his predecessor, General Gruenther, who was an excellent public-relations man for the alliance but not a thinker, Norstad has devoted a tremendous amount of quiet study to the relation between the defense of Europe and the political and economic capabilities of meeting it. He has managed to awaken military thinking within the alliance from the long sleep that the doctrine of "massive retaliation" induced throughout the middle years of the decade, and to provide an effective rationale and purpose for a strong

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"shield" of ground forces in Europe. He has made it plain that the arrival of the age of nuclear parity disposes of the dangerous theory that these forces are merely a "tripwire" to trigger a thermonuclear exchange.

Imbalance of Power

Under Norstad's direction, SHAPE has begun to assume a long-overdue responsibility for developing its own requirements in the field of weapons and aircraft, instead of trying to coordinate the jumble of different kinds of tanks, planes, guns, and even calibers of ammunition that national planning has produced. There is now a healthy if belated recognition among the NATO governments that it is as important to redress the superiority in equipment of the Soviet forces in eastern Europe (which have a considerably lower percentage of Second World War weapons than any of their opposite numbers, except the five American divisions) as to close the much-publicized "missile gap."

But it is unfortunate that this change in perspective has come so late. For the disagreeable fact is that at this crucial moment there is still a serious military imbalance in Europe itself. In consequence, the diplomatic bargaining power of the alliance to achieve, say, a workable independent status for Berlin or any form of "thinning out" or joint control and inspection is lower than it need be.

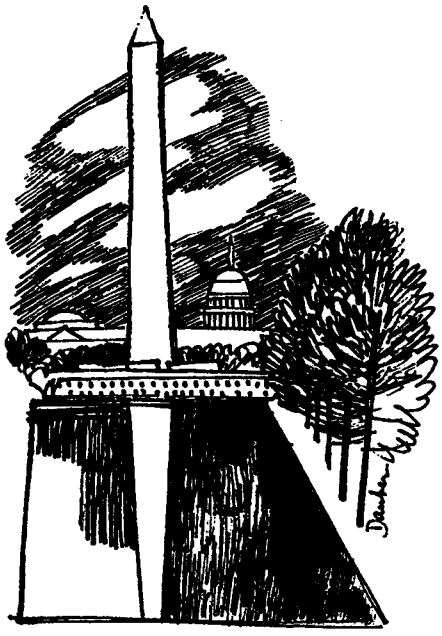
For instance, if one takes the French and German ideas of a control zone that would include the whole of western Europe and the Soviet satellites, the relative strength would be twenty-one NATO divisions (of which only some eight—five American and three British—are of first-class quality) to fifty-six Soviet divisions, most of them newly equipped. To achieve any form of parity in this area would mean a reduction of the Soviet forces to not more than forty divisions at most—a pill that Moscow would be reluctant to swallow. Similarly, if one takes the British ideas of a demilitarized zone of a hundred kilometers on either side of the Iron Curtain, the ratio is of the order of five NATO divisions to eighteen Soviet divisions, again an unattractive disparity. For it is strength on the ground that impresses the Russians. American nuclear strategic power is no longer as useful a lever of western diplomacy as it was in the Berlin crisis of ten years ago, and many western experts question whether stationing tactical nuclear weapons in Europe, even in German hands, either impresses or alarms Moscow as much as its propaganda would have one believe. As in Stalin's remark about the Pope, it is divisions that count, and until there are more of them under Norstad's command, the basis for genuine negotiation does not exist.

As a purely defensive organization, NATO is at last beginning to overcome the worst of its troubles. As the basis for an effective western diplomacy, however, it still has a long way to go.

WASHINGTON:

What Makes U.S. Foreign Policy?

SENATOR J. W. FULBRIGHT



MY REMARKS will surely disappoint those who want me to invent for this occasion new solutions to troubles in Berlin, Tibet, the Middle East, Africa, Southeast Asia, Latin America, the Formosa Strait—or, to bring the matter very close to home, Little Rock, Arkansas. I feel that we have had quite enough of speechmaking by public men who invent policies on the spur of the moment from a misplaced sense of duty—the sense that they owe it to the press, or perhaps to themselves, to be the source of new sensations.

Instead, I would like to explore for a bit the question of what makes U.S. foreign policy—a subject, I hope, of some interest to ourselves and our allies.

This is the text of a speech given by Senator Fulbright at a dinner in celebration of this magazine's tenth anniversary.

Now I confess that when I put this question to myself, that when I thought about it a bit, the answer I came up with appeared in Book Eleven of St. Augustine's *Confessions*. There the author raised the question of what God was doing before He created the Heaven and the Earth. A possible answer, St. Augustine said, was this: "He was creating a Hell for people who pry too deep."

Still, despite the measure of truth in this reply, it is worth while to pry into my question, and for two reasons. First, the answer may shed some light on why we do or don't do some things in this or that particular sector of a troubled world. Second, the challenge inherent in my question is not confined exclusively to America. It was raised for all democracies as far back as 1835 by Alexis de Tocqueville when he wrote:

"Foreign politics demand scarcely any of those qualities which are peculiar to a democracy; they require, on the contrary, the perfect use of almost all those in which it is defi-

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cient. . . . [A] Democracy can only with great difficulty regulate the details of an important undertaking, persevere in a fixed design, and work out its execution in spite of serious obstacles. It cannot combine its measures with secrecy or await their consequences with patience." These are qualities, he concluded, that more especially belong to a form of social organization where the government is ruled by one man or a handful of men.

How true is this?

The paradoxical, indeed the frightening fact is that de Tocqueville's comment is a great deal more applicable today than it was when he made it.

Consider what happened between 1783, when we won our independence, and 1853, when the Gadsden Purchase rounded out our present continental limits. All of this territory was acquired by power and diplomacy, by a skillful maneuvering through the maze of European politics. And at the same time, we managed—with the help of the British fleet—to protect a whole series of nationalistic revolutions to the south from the unholy intentions of the Holy Alliance.

Moreover, throughout the whole of this process, while much was done by the action of individual Presidents, a great deal was done as a direct result of Congressional action or by the direct play of public pressures, rising from a people whose life was being progressively democratized.

Four New Challenges

The key point is that the conduct of foreign affairs did not appear to be an elite function, limited to specialists in and around the Executive. Neither the electorate nor the Congress was ever overawed by the Executive claim to exclusive knowledge, or its claim that it would be against the national interest to disclose the facts relevant to a foreign-policy decision. Foreign policy was debated in remote frontier outposts as well as in seaboard cities, with a shrewdness and a knowledge of great-power rivalries that astonish any modern reader who browses through the records of these debates preserved in our national archives.

The stakes of foreign policy in those days were both visible and finite. They meant the difference between having a hostile power on our frontier or not having one. The contrast with our present circumstances is obvious. The stakes of our foreign policy today are real enough but infinitely more complex. Whereas once upon a time our real national interests were clear and immediate and generally agreed upon, they are so no longer.

They put four hard challenges to the basic workings of our democratic system:

For one thing, if ever the line between domestic and foreign affairs could be drawn, it is now wholly erased. Whether we realize it or not, we can no longer assure ourselves that what we do in one place is unrelated to what we do in a second place; that if we slip domestically, the effect will not be felt abroad—or the other way around. The strength of the American economy, for example, enters directly as a factor in our power to build a versatile military establishment, or to export capital in ways that will contribute to the orderly growth of newly independent peoples. In a reverse view, if those people and their resources along with those of our European allies should ever be drawn into the Communist orbit, it is difficult to see how we could for long maintain our present economy or, indeed, anything resembling our present way of life.

Secondly, because America's paramount strength has vested in us the role of leadership for a coalition diplomacy, our Executive and Legislative organs of government must bear two constituencies in mind. One is the voting constituency from which the chief officers of American government draw their title of office. The second constituency begins at the three-mile limit. It is formed by many hundreds of millions of people around the globe who, though they don't cast a single vote in any American election, are vitally affected by the decisions of American lawmakers.

Out of this there arises a recurrent dilemma. In the event of a conflict of interest between the two constituencies, which one should have a prior claim on the support of the American lawmaker? If the prior claim is that of his nonvoting constituency, then he risks a repudiation by American voters. If the prior claim is that of his voting constituency, then he risks the loss of trust by the nonvoting constituency—whose support he must have if he is to attain what both constituencies want above all other things, namely, the conditions for a just peace.

Thirdly, the very process of coalition diplomacy tends to exercise a gravitational pull that centers the business in the hands of the Executive, and downgrades the role of the Congress and the electorate as direct parties to the affair. For the Congress is simply not structurally equipped to deal simultaneously with all the day-to-day problems of coalition diplomacy. And the people, for their part, are even less well equipped to follow the intricate twists and turns of any contemporary diplomatic transaction.

THE FOURTH DIFFERENCE between the past and present represents so great an intensification of the old problem of amateur-expert relations in government as to constitute an almost new problem. What I have in mind here is the fact that many of our leading questions of foreign affairs nowadays are entwined with infinitely complicated scientific and technological questions. For example, should we or should we not stop the testing of the hydrogen bomb? Should we put more or less effort into missile-launching submarines or into the support of foreign allied armies? You can search all the great treatises on the American polity from the *Federalist* papers on forward and they will not give you a single clue to the right answer. Even that second great source of popular doctrine, *Poor Richard's Almanac,* which is so much evoked today, also fails in this respect.

Public ignorance of these new-style political-scientific-military questions is widespread, to put it mildly, and reaches into high places, including the United States Senate. It is matched by the respect and awe we hold for the expert practitioners of these new arts—a respect which we do not accord experts in other fields. The economists of this country rarely, if ever, agree on precisely the monetary policy to be followed by

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the Federal Reserve Board. But this does not in the least inhibit people who don't know the difference between Adam Smith and John Maynard Keynes from expressing the most profound judgments on the matter. Yet these same people are quite willing to leave vastly more important questions to a handful of scientists and military strategists who sharply disagree among themselves.

One reason for this paradox, I suggest, is that whereas the economists carry on their disputes in public, what the military scientists have to say is funneled almost exclusively to the Executive, where the cutoff stamp of Top Secret comes into play. But what is cut off simultaneously is any real power by the people or the Congress to judge whether the agents of the Executive acted wisely or not on the basis of the word they alone were privileged to hear.

Bipartisan or Unpartisan?

All of these new challenges work in their own way to give a new sense of awesome relevance to what de Tocqueville had to say about the inherent difficulties a democracy faces in the conduct of contemporary foreign politics.

There is one more difficulty that deserves mention, for it arises, paradoxically, from the effort of a democracy to respond to the new challenge. It has to do with the very nature of bipartisanship—in theory an instrument of national unity but more often in recent practice a gag on legitimate discussion. Time and again we have lately found ourselves in situations where the Executive, consulting itself, has announced a policy, whereupon the cry goes out that it cannot be debated, since this would show the world that we are divided. What we must do, instead, is to swallow our doubts about the wisdom of the policy. We must rally to the Executive in a great show of national unity. Nor does the matter end there. Later on, when the doubtful wisdom of the policy becomes apparent in the formidable world of actual practice, the members of the opposition party are again silenced. For if they raise their voice, they invite the rebuke: "You voted for that policy when it was sent down here to the Congress. Why are you squawking about it now?"

I am not implying that anything and everything ought to be fair game for partisan politics. Far from it. Foreign policy ought in fact to be nonpartisan or unpartisan—words which the late Senator Vandenberg preferred to bipartisan. Nonpartisanship means that policies are criticized and debated on their merits, not in a partisan electioneering context.

I would add but one more footnote to this. From what I have been able to judge of America's European allies, the thing they fear most is not a healthy debate conducted by Americans on foreign-affairs issues. Their greater fears arise over precipitate announcements of foreign policy which neither Congress nor the country has properly considered.

If the difficulties I have been considering seem more acute in their American context, it is only because the blinding light of attention is focused on America in its role as the mainstay of the western coalition. But if we shift the spotlight to any of the other leading democracies in this coalition, we get the impression of a single image repeating itself in various degrees, like an object seen in a hall of mirrors.

Today, for example, Europe is caught in the crisis for which the word "Berlin" stands as the graphic symbol. Each nation there looks at its neighbor and all look at the United States with a sense of wonder whether all will stand together or fall separately in the event the Soviets mean to breach the peace. Yet on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of NATO recently observed in Washington, I asked myself why it was so necessary for one member after another to assure all the rest that he could be trusted to carry out the purpose of NATO.

I asked myself why the speech given by [the then] Acting Secretary of State Christian Herter—the speech in which he merely repeated America's ten-year-old commitment to honor its NATO obligations—should have been considered the highlight of the anniversary. And I also wondered why the crisis over Berlin should have so menacing a face and should have led to an uneasy feeling, which has even been voiced in some quarters, that we have already been defeated on the ground by the Soviets.

By any arithmetic test of potential strength, it is *we* who should be giving the Soviets sleepless nights and not the other way around. For if the population and the industrial resources of Europe and the United States were really mobilized to act in concert, and if that strength were translated into a military dimension, the aggregate would exceed by far anything the Soviets could muster in the foreseeable future. Think of it. The United States and its NATO allies constitute 460 million people organized in a highly industrialized power complex. The Soviet Union, with its problematic allies in eastern Europe, can muster only 300 million. Yet here we are, frightened by the present preponderance of the Soviet strength in conventional arms, and frightened also by the all too exact knowledge that a resort to nuclear arms under conditions of nuclear parity might result in a dead Europe instead of the live one we all want to preserve.

How have we arrived at this incongruous position? Sometimes I wonder if we have correctly assessed the changed situation that now confronts us. It is true that at the end of the Second World War there may have been opportunity for choice in the methods of our foreign policy. By cold logic we could have taken the imperialist course. We had a monopoly of nuclear weapons. Indeed, we had shown that we were prepared to use them. It is conceivable that we could have pressed this temporary advantage to impose a dictated peace upon the Soviets, forcing their withdrawal within the Soviet perimeter. Instead we chose not to use the nuclear weapon as an instrument of policy but to work in concert with our allies to build what we hoped would be a more durable peace.

Tentative Before the Inevitable

Whatever the choices of the past, today we no longer have any choice. Today the nuclear weapon has no utility as an instrument of foreign policy. It cannot attain the objectives which lie beyond war. It can only ring down the last-act curtain for us and our enemies alike.

Then why are we so tentatively

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committed to the only course that lies open to us? Why do we hesitate before the commitments of manpower and resources that can preserve the balance for the West? Why do we appear listless before a challenge that is so obviously demanding of our greatest energies?

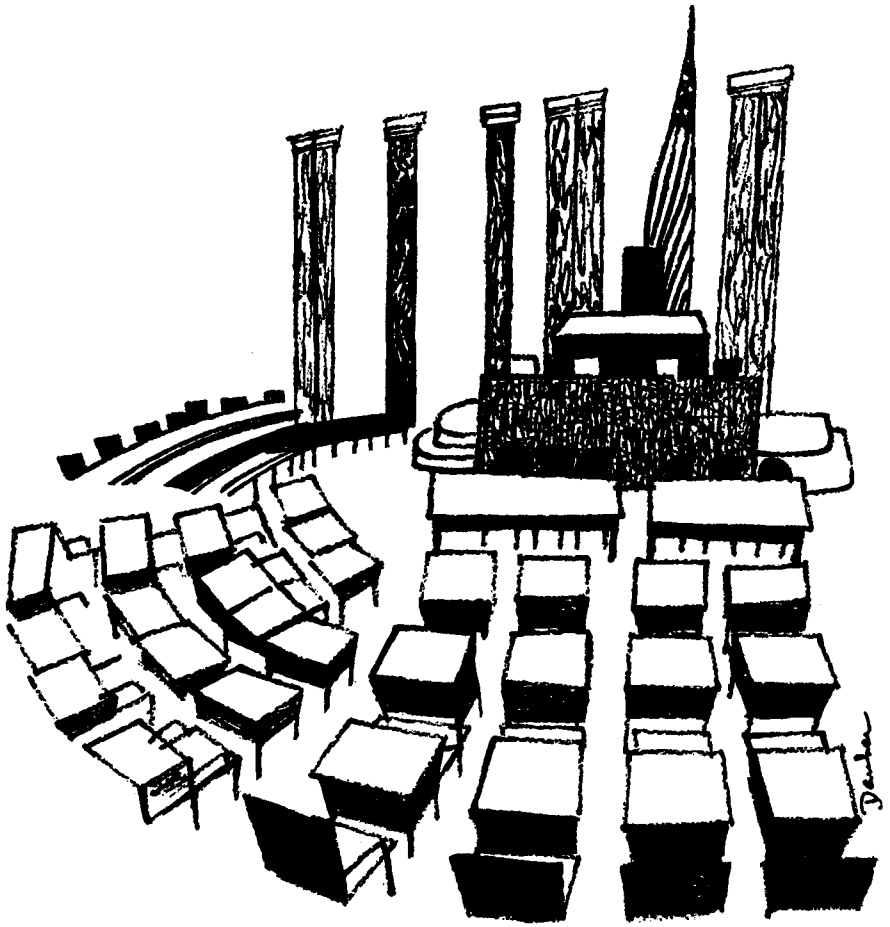
Take the area of military strategy alone. Even before the Soviets attained their present nuclear position, it was perfectly apparent that our own atomic superiority was not a substitute for conventional forces. It was wholly clear that placing our entire reliance on these weapons would one day confront us with the choice of blowing up the world simply to contain the sort of probing operation the Russians use to test our will.

The founders of NATO realized this. Their first plans called for ninety-plus divisions. And yet, as the countries of NATO have steadily prospered, their concept of what they can afford to do has steadily narrowed.

What has been missing is not the material capacity to support adequate conventional forces but the will to do so. Our spirit, on both sides of the Atlantic, has gone soft.

Is it not ironical that the blaze of selfless idealism burned brightest in Europe and in America when the havoc of World War II still met the eye at every turn? In that hour, as I recall it, the cry went out from the best spirits among the victors and the vanquished alike for a new sense of fraternity and for an end to the national divisions that twice led the flower of European youth to the slaughterhouse. The best spirits of Europe, as I recall, wanted to stand as one family, respecting the cultural diversity of their individual members but united in the pursuit of a political destiny sought in common by all members.

And is it not ironical that as the rubble was swept from the streets of Europe, and as the signs of a progressively expanding prosperity rose where rubble once had been, the visions of a Europe twice united—within itself, and with its North American offshoot—grew progressively more cloudy? Here was a cause that should have enlisted the concentrated and sustained energies of the leaders and the led on both sides of the Atlantic. Instead, European leaders fully as much as American leaders began to think in terms of their voting constituencies at the expense of their nonvoting constituencies. I deeply regret the recent recriminations between two of our chief NATO allies—recriminations that have been echoed out of all proportion in the popular press. Their differences, I suspect, arise not so much over substantive issues as over a sense of frustration at the lack of an energizing force that will give life to our alliances.



NOW IT IS NOT my purpose, as the saying goes, to be a prophet of doom and gloom. I am merely saying that the choice facing European democracies was and is just this: Federate or perish. And the task facing America is to so conduct itself that it will help nurture those tentative roots toward federation like Euratom and the Common Market that have managed to take hold—to nurture them with the object of creating a real European Union. Beyond that, our purpose must be to bring into being that system of interlocking commonwealths—to use Max Ascoli's apt phrase—that can bolster our security.

I know all about the vetoes practical men stand ready to catalogue. I heard them in 1945 and the list has not changed one bit today. The only thing that has changed is the urgency of ignoring what practical men have to say. The march of history is fast outstripping us. Europe and America have enormous resources for survival, indeed for the mastery of any challenge hurled our way by the Soviets. But those resources will not be mobilized, they will remain in their present state of disarray, until public men and the publics on both sides of the Atlantic fit those resources into a grand design for closer union. In striving to bring this design to pass in our own time, we may make mistakes; but in striving, we may find our salvation. If we do not strive for it at all, our epitaph will read: They chose to stand still, and so were lost forever.

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The High Cost Of Past Wars

DOUGLASS CATER

FOR THE VETERAN, as for only a few other organized interests such as Irish patriotism and agriculture, the congressman is capable of astonishing tenderness. And even when emotion does not rule his reason, the icy logic of political expediency is apt to do so. Take, for example, the last time a veterans' pension bill came up in the House of Representatives in 1956. It was a modest little thing, calculated to cost $129 billion over coming years. On a standing vote, which is, of course, semi-anonymous, the House decided to return the bill to committee. Then someone demanded a roll call. Fifty-one representatives were willing to go on record against the bill. But 365 others, liberals and conservatives alike, joined to send it triumphantly on its way to the Senate, where, thanks to the custodial prowess of Finance Committee Chairman Harry Flood Byrd (D., Virginia), it died quietly.

This spring, for the third time in a decade, a veterans' pension bill is destined to slide down the committee skids into the House. The result may easily be a new legislative leviathan that could swamp efforts at budget balancing for years to come.

THE SITUATION is serious enough already. In the little pie-shaped chart prepared by the Budget Bureau to show how the government's dollar is being spent, veterans' benefits now account for the fourth largest slice. If you add this veterans' program to the cost of the farm program—the third largest item after "national security" and interest on the national debt—nearly a sixth of the Federal budget goes for direct subsidies to individuals.

What's more, the veterans' programs can be expected to grow a great deal bigger without a single change in the existing laws. The increase is coming, not in the service-connected "compensation" program, but in "pensions," which have nothing to do with battle wounds or other service-connected afflictions. Already more than 870,000 veterans and 510,000 of their dependents are on the pension rolls; others are joining at the rate of ten thousand a month. Getting on isn't very difficult. At the age of sixty-five, a veteran must prove only a ten per cent disability—fairly normal for that age—and, if he is married, an annual income of less than $2,700. He need not count his savings, property, or his wife's "income." As a recent General Accounting Office survey revealed, substantial numbers of fairly affluent veterans were taking advantage of the loopholes. One pensioner, drawing his full $78.75 a month, had, with his wife, $7,171 of other income each year and more than $15,000 in liquid assets. Another had liquid assets of $51,540, plus a total family income of $3,037 a year. Seventeen per cent of the pensioners, it was found, have assets of more than $10,000.

This spring, as the median-aged veteran of the First World War has just passed his sixty-fifth birthday, formidable forces are at work to open the public purse still further. One recently formed organization, the Veterans of World War One of the U.S.A., is demanding a flat $100-a-month pension for anyone who wore a uniform in 1917-1918. The "Wonnies," as they have come to be known on Capitol Hill, state their claims in fairly elemental terms. As a staff member of the House Veterans Affairs Committee expressed it wryly, "They argue that Congress has given aid to India, arms to Tito, and a Cadillac to Joe Martin. Why isn't the vet getting his share?"

The veterans' lobby can certainly claim that history is on its side. Ever since 1836, when Congress voted pensions for any surviving Revolutionary soldiers who were disabled or in financial need, the cost of war's aftermath has mushroomed far beyond the cost of war itself. The Spanish-American War, according to a recent study by a Presidential commission, cost this country $570 million; the benefits to its 381,000 veterans will total, it was estimated, $4.8 billion. The military costs of the First World War amounted to $26 billion; its veterans' benefits will probably exceed $60 billion.

Proliferation of the Fittest

Few questions are raised about the money that goes for veterans' hospital services, for compensation payments to those who sustained in-service injuries, and for the various rehabilitation programs. But the pension is strictly a nonservice-connected benefit. It can be claimed by any soldier who served for ninety days during wartime. He need have got no further than the nearest training camp.

It is a curious paradox of past-war politics that as the memory of fighting fades, the politicians lose their ability to discriminate among the veterans as a class. Concern for veterans in general mounts in inverse ratio to concern for those who ac-

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tually suffered in the nation's cause. It is probably a matter of numbers. Wounded and crippled veterans either die or fade away from the political scene; the more able-bodied linger. The Congressional Medal of Honor Society of the U.S.A., an elite and honored group, has sought but has never been granted a Congressional charter, but the Wonnies, whose only avowed purpose is to lobby Congress, were given one with alacrity last year.

Compensation payments to handicapped veterans and war widows have been squeezed drastically by the rising cost of living. Yet the Wonnies' bill would award the same monthly payment to the able-bodied pensioner that now goes to the war widow with two children to support. Even more venerable veterans' organizations such as the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars have shown greater interest in pensions than in the compensation program.

Politics, of course, plays its part in the veterans' groups as well as in Congress. As a matter of fact, the ambitious organization leader more often than not is seeking to enter the larger political arena, and therefore appeals for the widest possible support.

Mr. Teague at the Dike

Measured in terms of pressure politics, veterans' affairs have always enjoyed special privilege in the House of Representatives. By some ancient logic, pension bills are granted access to the floor without the usual necessity of a special rule from the Rules Committee. The Committee on Veterans Affairs, like other special-interest committees, tends to attract members who enjoy dealing with a special-interest lobby. If they don't, they get off the committee at the first available opportunity. Furious pressures buffet them. The last time a pension bill was in preparation, Chairman Olin E. Teague (D., Texas) received an average of two thousand letters daily. Membership turnover on the House Veterans Affairs Committee has run over fifty-five per cent for each of the last three Congresses. It's obviously a hot seat.

Considering all their advantages, the professional veterans must wonder at times what cursed fate caused a man like Olin Teague to blight their lives. They certainly cannot complain that Teague, who took over the committee chairmanship in 1955, lacks interest in veterans' affairs. A combat officer in the Second World War, he was many times wounded and decorated. He still limps from a shell explosion that ripped away part of an ankle, resulting in the shortening of one leg. Unlike many newcomers, when he came to Congress in 1946, Teague voiced a preference for the Veterans Affairs Committee. His rapid rise to the chairmanship was accelerated by the rush of less interested members for softer berths.

But it took even less time for Teague to revolt against the state of affairs he found on the committee. He had drafted a simple bill to give orphans of men killed in service the same educational help their fathers would have received under the G.I. Bill. But no one was interested. The chairman was the late John E.

Rankin (D., Mississippi), who, playing veterans' politics as callously as he played race relations, was pushing a flat $90 monthly pension for all veterans.

When Rankin's bill came to the floor in 1949, the two Southerners clashed head-on. The young Texan, who bears the nickname Tiger, lived up to his reputation for toughness. He made the motion that returned the pension bill to committee by a vote of 208 to 207.

Since he has acquired the prerogatives of chairman, Teague has not hesitated to use them to hold back the pressures that beset his committee. In 1956, after an assault from the lobbyists caused the committee to override him and report out a pension bill, Teague resorted to desperate parliamentary maneuvering to put his colleagues on the spot. First he loaded the bill with a variety of additional benefits that ran its price still higher into the stratosphere. Then he maneuvered the sequence of votes in a way to differentiate clearly between the desire to help the needy and the merely greedy veterans. As Teague walked dejectedly back to his office after the fantastic turnabout on the roll-call vote, a succession of shamefaced congressmen came up to apologize for their cravenness.

For Teague, who represents a purely rural constituency, the perils of defying the professional veteran interests are not so great as for others. Despite numerous threats of political retaliation, he has so far been returned to office without even a contest since his initial election in 1946. But there is further evidence to indicate that the veterans' lobby may not be an accurate spokesman for the twenty-two million veterans in this country. Of the fifty-one representatives (forty-one Republicans, ten Democrats) who voted to kill the pension bill in 1956, not one failed to be re-elected that fall. In the 1958 elections, though several retired, none was defeated.

Perhaps the most dramatic argument for voting one's convictions was supplied by Congressman Willim H. Ayres (R., Ohio). Ayres, who helped Teague lead the fight against the 1956 bill, represents the heavily labor-organized and generally pro-Democratic district of Akron. Directly challenged by a veterans' committee organized to support his opponent, he met the issue without equivocation and won the largest majority of his career. (Rankin, incidentally, was defeated in 1952 by an opponent who kept asking why, if he was such a friend of the veterans, he had failed to get them a pension.)

It is more than pressure from veterans' groups that has prompted the decision to bring a new pension bill into Congress this spring. As pension costs continue to mount under existing laws—assuming no future wars, they will triple by 1985—there has been increasing recognition at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue that something must be done to keep the program within limits.

In 1956 a Presidential commission

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headed by General Omar Bradley produced a voluminous report that pointed out many inequities of the veterans'-benefits program and recommended that nonservice-connected pensions be retained for veterans and dependents only as "a 'reserve line of economic defense' until such time as their minimum income requirements are met through the basic OASI [Social Security] program or through any other source of regular income . . ." For his pains, General Bradley was vilified by a number of professional veterans. An American Legion official branded the report as "an insidious effort to discredit the veterans' class as a whole."

The Bradley Report also attacked the all-or-nothing principle that awards the same $78.75 monthly benefits to the man who earns $2,700 a year as to the man who doesn't earn a cent, but nothing at all to the man who earns $2,701. The commission called for a graduated scale of payments that would make the pension a bona fide supplement to Social Security and other income in order to assure the aged veteran and his dependents a minimum standard of living. The commission obviously hoped that Social Security would eventually eliminate the necessity for any distinctions between veterans and nonveterans.

IN SPITE OF the persuasive reasoning of the Bradley Report, President Eisenhower failed to act on it for three years. Finally, on April 15 of this year, his new Administrator of Veterans Affairs, Sumner G. Whittier, dispatched to Congress a bill to "modernize" the pension structure. It was welcomed by Chairman Teague, who, in a not-so-veiled warning, promised hearings *"provided* that there can be substantial agreement reached between all of the veterans groups and various Government agencies concerned" (italics his). As Teague made clear, he was not going to allow another situation like the one that developed in 1956, when the lobby took control of the committee away from him.

The bill has been designed with calculated cunning. A "savings provision" guarantees that no beneficiary now on the Veterans Administration rolls will be cut off or have his benefits reduced. Instead, fifty-five per cent of the 1.3 million now receiving pensions will get an immediate increase in benefits. This cost of "sweetening" the reform measure will run an additional $100 million annually for the first few years, to the anguish of Mr. Eisenhower's budget makers.

But over the long run, the graduated scale will go far to ensure that need is the real criterion in fixing pension payments. There will be a much stricter definition of "income" to include a veteran's entire estate as well as his wife's income. Despite increased payments to those in genuine need, the bill will effect an economy by scaling down payments to the future pensioner who has other income. By the turn of the century, when the peak load of the Second World War veterans has passed, the cumulative saving over the present program is estimated at $48 billion.

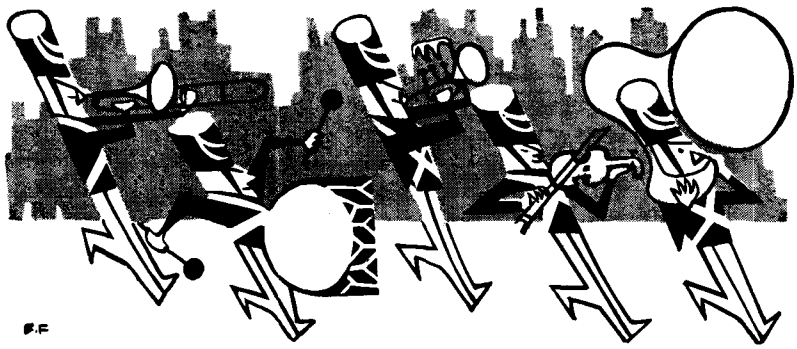
One Half of a Nation

Teague is shrewdly weighing the political prospects of this bill. He is already engaged in the endless diplomacy of bluff and compromise. So far, the heads of the major veterans' organizations are showing unusual caution. They have much to lose by recklessness. One misstep and they know that Teague, backed by the Veterans Administration, will slam the door against any change. To make this alternative even less appetizing, Teague may add a few more sweeteners to the bill. He wants to be certain that the pensioners who stand to gain immediate benefits make up a substantial majority of those now on the rolls. They, he reasons, are the ones who will swing the most votes.

Teague's gamble is an important one. It represents a chance to inject reason into a program that has become a political monstrosity and has every prospect of becoming a greater one. It could well be the last chance. In a few more years, Harry Byrd may no longer be around to serve as a second buffer in the Senate when Teague is overridden. Senator Robert S. Kerr (D., Oklahoma), who stands next in line on the Senate Finance Committee, has always been notably easy going on money matters. It is hardly likely, either, that any future President will have a more persuasive voice on veterans' affairs than the former Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in Europe. As one of Teague's staff members has expressed it, "If Eisenhower and Bradley can't sell this reform, who in hell can?"

Unless someone can sell it, the future management of veterans' benefits presents a curious prospect indeed. For the aging veteran population of America can no longer be reckoned as the valiant few who charged up San Juan Hill to earn their nation's undying gratitude and largesse. The veterans of past wars, along with their dependents, will soon total nearly half the nation's population. With each year that goes by, the millions of Second World War veterans move toward pensionable age.

Is half a nation to be subsidized by a jerry-built program full of loopholes and inconsistencies, and subject to nearly limitless expansion? Except for a few brave men like Teague, legislators are strangely complacent about this radical, if discriminatory, step toward the total welfare state. In an era of unparalleled prosperity, Congressional conservatives and liberals alike seem bent on backing into a tin-plated version of the Townsend Plan, which even in the depths of the depression they had the courage to fight off.



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Three Years Of the O'Sullivan Formula

WILLIAM L. ABBOTT

WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA

ARTHUR SMITH is a gray-haired unionist who helped build the O'Sullivan Rubber factory, laying bricks for fifteen cents an hour more than thirty years ago. He worked for the company until May 13, 1956. On that day he went on strike.

There was nothing extraordinary about Arthur Smith or the action he and some four hundred other men and women took when they walked out. Workers go on strike all the time. The press tells the public there is a strike on, and usually little more is said about it until a settlement is reached. In this case, however, a settlement has never been reached. Smith has been on strike for exactly three years. The O'Sullivan Rubber Corporation, which calls its principal product "America's No. 1 Heel," is located in this snug old town nestled in the hazy blue Shenandoah Valley. Three major Civil War battles were fought in the area, and strikers are fond of referring to their fight as "the fourth Battle of Winchester." Winchester was young Colonel George Washington's headquarters during the French and Indian War; Senator Harry Byrd, apple baron of the region who once said that a lunch bucket, a pair of overalls, and a dollar a day were all a workingman needed, lives in Berryville, only twelve miles away. After the O'Sullivan strike started, advertised area rates for unskilled apple pickers were sixty cents an hour. Experienced tree pruners were offered as high as eighty-five cents.

Nobody in Here but Us Foxes

The Taft-Hartley Law came to Winchester on October 17, 1957, seventeen months after the strike began. It forced the strikers to stand grimly by, watching "strike replacements," some recruited from other states, decide the fate of their union. By a 288-5 margin, men brought in to break a strike voted the union out of existence. The law had put the foxes in charge of the chicken coop, and October 17 was the day the "O'Sullivan formula" was born.

If the formula could work against the medium-sized Rubber Workers Union, it might work just as well against the giants of the labor movement. It was tested against the International Union of Electrical Workers near Cleveland, Ohio. It worked. It was tested against the United Automobile Workers in Tyler, Texas. Again, it worked. Smaller locals of the huge Steelworkers and Clothing Workers Unions were powerless. From West Virginia to Georgia, from Maryland to California, the O'Sullivan formula began to knock off local after local. It was neat, devastatingly effective, and, given certain economic factors, nearly foolproof. With a smart lawyer, some strikebreakers, and the Taft-Hartley Law, you might be able to destroy a local that had taken many years to build.

What the formula is has been lucidly expressed by the Research Institute of America, a New York organization that advises businessmen on "personnel and labor relations." The Institute featured the O'Sullivan case as a means of "handling an economic strike":

"Strikers are not eligible to vote in case the National Labor Relations Board orders a decertification election. This gives the employer a powerful weapon. Assuming skilled labor is available, he can replace the striking workforce with non-union employees who can then vote to have the union ousted as bargaining representatives of the unit."

WHAT MAKES a man vote to strike in a rock-ribbed Virginia community? And what makes him stick on the picket line for three long years fighting for a local the government has declared dead?

"I have no place else to go," said Arthur Smith. "Winchester is my home. I don't know anything but this." He and his brother Asa had a total of fifty-nine years of service for the corporation. "Many a day I would walk in the snowdrifts three or four miles only to find there was no work, and I'd go home. During all these years I got something extra only twice. One Christmas I got a two-pound fruitcake; another year I got a $2 bill." Smith was making $1.30 an hour when he went on strike. "I just stood all I could take," he told me. "I won't ever go back without a union."

Charles Cornwell was another striker. He moved from the slums of Baltimore to Winchester's mountain air. "But I found you couldn't eat air, no matter how clean it was." He said he made $1.13 an hour at O'Sullivan. His yearly income was $2,100. While this was better than working in Harry Byrd's apple orchards for half that amount,

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Cornwell said he had a hard time feeding his wife and four kids.

"What do you eat on these wages? Beans and corn bread." Cornwell answered his own question. He pointed out that he had to have clothes to wear and transportation, and that prices in Winchester were as high as anywhere else.

Other strikers spoke of company attempts to regulate their free time. "One of the girls was told she couldn't smoke in a company uniform on her own front porch," one striker charged.

There are no holidays with pay at O'Sullivan—not even Christmas.

On April 12, 1956, O'Sullivan workers voted 343-2 to affiliate with the United Rubber Workers Union. Immediately after the election the new local and the company entered collective-bargaining negotiations. These stalled on wages. The union wanted a fifteen-cent-an-hour wage increase. The company said it was operating in the red. The union pointed to the item of $180,000 for officers' and board members' expenses in 1955. At this point the O'Sullivan workers took a secret-ballot strike vote. One month after the local had been born it was out on strike.

In the third or fourth week of the strike Glen Dean said a company foreman stopped him on the street; he reached in his pocket and pulled out a twenty-dollar bill. "Here," he told Dean. "I'll give you this if you come back to work." Dean said the foreman added, "The company is not going to sign a contract."

Striker Thelma Carroll said, in another signed statement, that Dale Dougherty, assistant to the O'Sullivan president, visited her home to ask her to return to work. She said he told her the strikers would be out "until the snow started falling."

Ray Biell, another striker, testified that Junior Spicer, mixing department foreman, told him: "The company will meet with the union once a week for a year, then they will bust the union."

According to the law, a company must bargain "in good faith." But these signed statements might indicate a reasonable doubt concerning the company's intentions. When Rubber Workers representative William Kuehner suggested that the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service was helpful in labor disputes, a company official replied, "Ain't that nice?"

The union wanted an opportunity to present its evidence, to cross-examine company witnesses, and subpoena pertinent data. But it could only do so if the National Labor Relations Board general counsel issued a complaint against the company. "If a complaint had been issued and the board found the company had refused to bargain in good faith, the strikers could not have lost their jobs," explained James Cross, the Rubber Workers assistant general counsel. The board turned down the union's request.

When, after this, the company began recruiting strikebreakers, the union threw itself upon the mercy of the Byrd machine. It asked Virginia's commonwealth attorney to arbitrate the dispute and agreed to abide by his decision. The company refused arbitration. The union once again looked to the Federal government for help. But Federal mediator McCutchin reported that the company wouldn't sit down with him. Moreover, in all his years in government service he had never taken such "verbal abuse" as he took from company attorney John Fitzpatrick.

Heels and Souls

Since every move to settle the strike had failed, the union then took the last recourse open to it. Rubber Workers President L. S. Buckmaster announced the first national boycott in the union's history.

A national boycott is similar to a national sales campaign—only in reverse. You are unselling a product. "You have to be prepared to work like the devil and spend a fortune," said Joe Glazer, the Rubber Workers education director and one of the union's boycott specialists. "Even then, you're strait-jacketed by the law."

The union turned out leaflets, posters, bumper stickers, press releases, radio programs, and slogans. One leaflet showed the young son of a Winchester striker pleading "Help My Daddy Win." Slogans emphasized the "Don't Buy" theme. Example: "Don't Buy O'Sullivan Heels—Made by the Company Without a Soul." The union's education department also ran a newsletter service keeping AFL-CIO and independent unions posted on what others were doing to promote the boycott.

At the height of the campaign, twelve full-time "boycott representatives" were in the field visiting shoe-repair shops and shoe companies asking them not to buy O'Sullivan heels. City central labor bodies and local unions, both in and out of the AFL-CIO, formed committees to visit shoe repairmen. To further the boycott push, the Rubber Workers also produced a documentary film that was sent to local unions throughout the country.

The big labor federation supported the strike as "labor's cause célèbre," a description used by the *Wall Street Journal*. George Meany wrote a letter to President Eisenhower reminding him of his 1952 pledge to the AFL convention. Candidate Eisenhower had told the labor delegates: "America wants no law licensing union busting and neither do I." Meany urged the President to lend his weight to repeal of Section 9 (c)(3) of the Taft-Hartley Act, which caused the strikers to lose their vote.

A year ago the strikers got support from an unusual source. Senator Everett Dirksen (R., Illinois), never before known as a vocal champion of union causes, rose in the Senate to make an impassioned plea for O'Sullivan strikers. "Here we are dealing with an injustice which puts its heavy hand upon the humble workers of the country, notably those who participated in the O'Sullivan strike in Virginia." Dirksen was at his oratorical best, but liberal Democrats questioned his motives. He had chosen the very time Republicans were trying to open the Douglas-Kennedy-Ives welfare fund bill up to amendments, most of which were designed to place further restrictions on unions.

The National Association of Manufacturers called the O'Sullivan heel boycott "economic cannibalism" and put out a handbook telling businessmen how to beat it. The N.A.M. was unduly alarmed, because the Taft-Hartley Act also covered the boycott situation.

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Rubber Workers President Buckmaster has said that the secondary-boycott provisions of the Taft-Hartley Law make a successful primary boycott, which is theoretically legal, almost impossible. Thus, O'Sullivan Rubber has developed a plastic material for automobile dashboards and other uses that is being sent for processing to plants organized by the Rubber Workers. "You have the following fantastic situation," Buckmaster explained. "Rubber workers in Plant X pay dues each month. Sixty cents goes into a strike fund to help O'Sullivan strikers. But the plant is processing O'Sullivan material, and under the law, rubber workers cannot refuse to work on scab-made goods. Under the Taft-Hartley Law, union rubber workers are forced to come to the aid of the O'Sullivan Corporation."

The heel boycott is considered "ninety per cent effective" by the union on the shoe-repair front. But one of O'Sullivan's best customers is the non-union General Shoe Corporation of Nashville. The company's president, Maxey Jarman, has crusaded for O'Sullivan as a classic example of a small concern beset by Big Labor "bossism."

AFTER the decertification election, the National Labor Relations Board ordered the union to stop picketing and boycotting. The union is appealing this decision as a violation of free speech.

Recently the plight of the O'Sullivan strikers gained at least indirect recognition in Washington when the Senate passed the Kennedy labor reform bill. Title 7 of the bill would allow both strike replacements and strikers to vote in decertification elections. But even this provision was watered down on the Senate floor to allow the NLRB to set a time limit on the voting rights of strikers.

Although the bill as passed by the Senate was a victory of sorts, it can have little immediate effect on the O'Sullivan situation. Meanwhile, the strikers hang on grimly. Some of them have left town or found other jobs, but 160 of them are still receiving strike benefits. They feel their failure to find work is the result of a local industry black list. "I know it looks hopeless," one striker says, "but we have to go on fighting."

A British Colony —and a Chinese Outpost

DENIS WARNER

SINGAPORE

YEARS AGO, when I lived in this British crown colony, letters addressed "Singapore, China," by the geographically illiterate used to occasion much local hilarity. Today, as Singapore's million and a half inhabitants, four-fifths of whom are Chinese, prepare for the May 30 elections that will bring them self-government, such letters are no longer a cause for merriment.

It is a not-so-curious characteristic of Southeast Asia's twelve million overseas Chinese that they respond to the appeal of Communist China in inverse proportion to the distance they are from it. Hong Kong has its Communists and fellow travelers, but it also provides a refuge for hundreds of thousands of Chinese who abominate Marx and Mao and all their works. Singapore's Chinese, on the other hand, are far enough away to be proud of China's new strength and ignorant of the painful consequences of personal contact with its totalitarian rule. Though it is difficult to guess what future Singaporeans would choose for themselves if they were given the opportunity in a free plebiscite, it is certain that many would cheerfully settle for "Singapore, China," as their political and ideological address.

No one contemplates holding a plebiscite, however, and the British government is prepared to grant Singapore full, unqualified independence only when and if the Federation of Malaya is prepared to accept it as a part of its sovereign territory. Britain's major Far Eastern base, headquarters of its Asian service commands and the co-ordinating center for all its regional diplomatic and intelligence activities, is therefore not likely to pass painlessly into the hands of Peking. But it is also true that nowhere has Britain granted even qualified self-government in a more uncertain political climate.

Now that the Communists have forsaken bomb throwing, bus burning, and rioting for more subtle forms of conquest, the visitor at first is likely to see little evidence of the gathering storm clouds. Singapore gives the appearance of being not only the most pleasant but also the most contented city in Southeast Asia. The per capita income, though only $400 a year, is still easily the highest in the area. The Great World and the Happy World, the city's two principal Chinese amusement parks, are thronged nightly with young people bent on nothing more sinister than a visit to the chamber of horrors or a ride on the Ferris wheel. A hundred or more ocean-going ships may be seen at anchor in the roadsteads almost any day, while the docks and the mouths of the muddy little Singapore River and the Rochore Canal are jammed tight with tongkangs and proas that ply north along the Malayan coasts and south through the Indonesian islands that cluster thickly on the horizon. Tall, modern air-conditioned buildings have sprouted along the waterfront; new apartment buildings are replacing the cubicled shop-houses in Chinatown, where thousands of families once lived in misery and squalor; farther out, hundreds of new bungalows are spreading their tiled roofs through areas that just a year or two ago were covered with virgin jungle.

Cricketers and Hatchet Men

But Singapore has another face, another character. Twenty-seven Britishers, several hundred Chinese, and several thousand Malays police the law-abiding Singapore that the tourist sees. But Chinese secret societies, by extortion, kidnaping, and murder, rule the masses of the Chinese population. A schoolboy is murdered because he listens to "yellow" (i.e., American) music, and his classmates do not dare to go to the funeral. A secret-society thug at-

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tacks in a crowded thoroughfare and in broad daylight; and though his victim may lie dying on the footpath, no one sees the murderer. A kidnaped millionaire pays his ransom and never breathes a word to the police.

The western façade of the city and its trappings of democracy, the games of cricket on the padang (the local equivalent of English village green), and the bewigged speaker presiding solemnly over the legislative assembly reflect but one aspect of Singapore's character. Each month the hawkers' carts invade new areas, turning English provincial streets into Chinese market places; barefooted and shirtless mobs crowd the city council chamber to cheer the People's Action Party at work; boys and girls go off on picnics to pore over the works of Mao Tse-tung.

WHAT, THEN, is the future of this island only 224 square miles in area, possessing no natural resources and indifferent soil, but with an excellent harbor, experienced and skilled merchants, good banking and insurance facilities, a stable currency, an abundant labor force, and the most strategic commercial situation in Asia? In 1957 Singapore handled nearly 1.5 per cent of the free world's total international trade: its imports ($1,296 million) and exports ($1,132 million) were almost double Hong Kong's.

Singapore is really an appendage of Malaya. It is separated from it only by the mile-wide Strait of Johore, and it is linked to it by a causeway and nearly a century of development in which Singapore served as principal port and economic capital for the rich rubber plantations and tin mines of the hinterland. Politically also, as part of the old Straits Settlements (Singapore, Malacca, and Penang), Singapore had links with Malaya that were weakened but not entirely broken when, after the Second World War, the Federated and Unfederated Malay States became the Federation of Malaya and Singapore became a separate crown colony, though the two shared postal and telecommunication services, a common income-tax system, broadcasting facilities, and the University of Malaya.

The strength of the nationalistic upsurge throughout Asia and the example of Indo-China, where the Communists so clearly profited by the French reluctance to transfer sovereignty, tended both to speed up independence for Malaya and to cause a re-evaluation of any plans Whitehall may have had for preserving Singapore indefinitely as a crown colony. Singapore itself was anxious to join Malaya. To British officials, in London and in Singapore, this made political and economic sense, especially since Malaya, under the mild and conservative leadership of Tengku Abdul Rahman and his Malay-Chinese Alliance government, welcomed British capital and the presence of British armed forces. Rahman, however, wanted neither to destroy the delicate population balance that gives the Malays a slight numerical superiority over the Chinese on the peninsula nor to add to his own serious Communist problems.

Spurned by Malaya but ever hopeful of a change of heart or political outlook in Kuala Lumpur, in 1956, 1957, and 1958 Singapore sent delegations to London to negotiate for the maximum amount of self-determination consistent with its long-range ambition to become a part of Malaya. The first delegation, led by the gifted but volatile David Saul Marshall, Singapore's first chief minister, failed; the second, under the leadership of Lim Yew Hock, Marshall's successor as chief minister, succeeded; and the third, again under the leadership of Lim, saw the agreement of 1957 given legal form in the shape of a new constitution, which will come into effect after this month's elections for the new wholly elected legislative assembly of fifty-one members.

Shifting Sands in the Straits

Singapore's politics mirrors the twin images of the colony. The British fostered the political ambitions of an orderly, well-to-do English-speaking group of Chinese, many of whom had been educated in England. The Progressives, as they were called, got appointments to the executive council, and under the extremely limited franchise that existed until 1955 they had little difficulty in winning the few elected seats in the legislature.

The Communists, outlawed in 1948 when they tried to seize power in Singapore and Malaya by armed force, worked underground. With a hard core of about three thousand members, they penetrated the Chinese schools, and through a calculated program of indoctrination and intimidation their student organization assumed unchallenged authority in most secondary schools and even extended its influence to include parents, committees of management, sections of the Chinese Chamber of Commerce, and trade unions.

WITH THE FIRST significant steps toward self-government, groups representing interests far removed from the Communists and the Progressives entered the scene; and in 1954 two lawyers, one of them Chinese and the other an Asian Jew, sat down with a right-wing Chinese trade-union organizer to decide how they might take over from the Progressives. Lee Kuan Yew, the youngest and most brilliant of the trio, fresh from Cambridge and a double first in law, proved too radical for the others and broke away to form his own political organization, the People's Action Party. Though they differed in temperament, character, and race, the other two, David Saul Marshall, the colony's foremost criminal lawyer, and Lim Yew Hock, the trade-union organizer, founded the Labour Front, which under Marshall's leadership won thirteen out of the twenty-five elective seats in 1955. The Progressives disappeared as a political force; the People's Action Party contested, and won, three seats; and the Labour Front, with the assistance of British officials who are members of the legislature and in coalition with the United Malay National Organization, formed a government.

As chief minister, Marshall undoubtedly assumed much more authority for his office than the British had ever intended. He was flamboyant and dramatic, a dynamic leader when things were going well, but at his worst in adversity. He quarreled in London in 1956 with the British and with his own mission; and when Whitehall would not meet all his demands for self-government, resigned as chief minister and from the Labour Front. Later he or-

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ganized the Workers' Party, and sporting a huge hammer, the symbol of the new party, in the belt of his bush jacket, recaptured briefly some of the magic that had marked his first entry into politics. As the May election approaches, however, the evanescent Marshall has faded again.

Lim Yew Hock, who took over from Marshall as chief minister, lacked his predecessor's fire and brilliance but impressed the British with his stability and his dogged courage. Where Marshall had vacillated in dealing with the Communists, Lim was firm; and when he led the second delegation to London in 1957 there was little doubt that the British would grant Singapore a considerable degree of self-determination.

Lim Yew Hock's Labour Front, however, was singularly lacking in popular appeal. By its landslide victory over the Progressives, it had alienated the Right: it was far too moderate to appeal to the extreme Left; and its organization was too weak even to influence the Center, which it hoped to represent.

Lee Kuan Yew's Tightrope

Into this ready-made situation stepped Lee Kuan Yew and his People's Action Party. A witty conversationalist and a charming luncheon companion, Lee is also bitterly anti-colonial and, when it is expedient, anti-white. Needing help to build up mass support, he accepted it cheerfully from the Communists. With their assistance he created a party organization that swept into office in the city council elections. He is confident he will be no less successful in the legislative assembly, and his optimism seems justified. So long as he continues to enjoy Communist support, it is improbable that any other party or coalition of parties will be able to muster enough strength to beat him.

Eventually, Lee will have to face a showdown with the Communists. The left wing is estimated to control forty-eight per cent of the People's Action Party and therefore has an almost even chance of dismissing Lee from leadership. There seems no immediate prospect of such a split, however; the two wings, each seeking the main chance, are likely to continue their expedient partnership until the election is safely won.

For the moment also, Lee's hand in the party has been strengthened by Lim Yew Hock's action in using the Preservation of Public Security Ordinance to break up the Communist-front Chinese Students Union and the Singapore Factory and Shopworkers Union and to jail, for subversive activities, five of the left-wing leaders of Lee's party, including one of his two colleagues in the assembly.

By promising to be "as far to the

Left as it is possible for a democratic party to be," Lee is campaigning on a platform of anti-colonialism, social welfare, and union with Malaya. He promises to retain the Preservation of Public Security Ordinance, but will use it to "combat subversion from any quarter." And by that he says he means "not just Russia and China, but also America and Formosa and the western bloc."

Lee has named the English-language newspaper *Straits Times* as a likely target for his party's "anti-subversion" campaign, and as a result of his threats, the paper will move a large part of its production and editorial staffs to Malaya on May 15. The *Straits Times* has been a constant critic of Mayor Ong Eng Guan, a youthful People's Action leader who relegated the mace, robes, and chains of his office to the storeroom as relics of colonialism and maintained a running and successful battle with European officials in the city council who have not yet been "Malayanized," i.e., replaced by local talent. On April 18, Mayor Ong resigned along with thirteen city councilors, all of them members of the People's Action Party. Their resignations make them eligible for election to the assembly this month.

LEE HAS PROMISED to double Singapore's revenue by increased taxation and to spend this extra money on social welfare. He has warned the English-speaking Chinese that they should either join the revolution or be swept away by it. At other times he has sent shudders of apprehension down the spines of the British business community with references to the need for nationalizing banking: he applauded the Indonesian take-over of Dutch property and other assets; and he says quite frankly that he intends to turn Singapore's social system upside down.

By a policy of out-Communizing the Communists, Lee hopes he can maintain his mass support. "It's the only hope," he says. "If we don't try, Singapore will become Communist. If we try and fail it will become Communist. The important thing is for us to try."

AS A NEUTRALIST, Lee must be against British bases, but next to its entrepôt trade the British naval dockyard is the most important factor in the island's economy, providing direct employment for forty thousand workers and indirect employment for many thousands more. Britain is currently spending $100 million a year on the base, and its removal would deal a death blow to the Singapore economy. An even more perplexing task is how to keep ahead of the Communists in radical left-wing policies and yet retain any hope of persuading the Malayans that the new state of Singapore would make a useful addition to the Federation of Malaya.

Even if Lee surmounts all these difficulties and the Communist threat miraculously disappears, Singapore's future can scarcely be regarded as bright. While the population is soaring (by 1965 it is estimated that it will reach two million and that forty-six per cent of it will be fourteen years of age or under), the once-booming entrepôt trade has been hard hit by the economic decline in Indonesia, which used to supply Singapore with more than a quarter of its imports and was a major export market for consumer goods.

In a warning to Singapore just before he resigned as economic adviser to the chief minister, a noted British economist, Dr. F. C. Benham, said that unless births could be reduced, more capital invested, and the efficiency of labor raised, the future of Singapore was depressing to contemplate. Few who know Singapore today would oppose this view.

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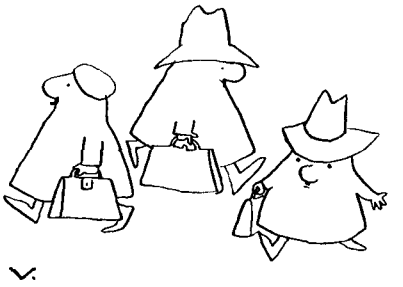
High and Wide In Boulder, Colorado



MARYA MANNES

THEY FLEW IN from everywhere: diplomats from Washington, U.N. officials from New York, Navy and Air Force officers from the Pentagon, physicists and molecular biologists from laboratories, professors of social sciences and the humanities from the universities of Britain and America, economists and civic leaders, and—finally—writers. It was because of this last small inclusion that I, an expert in nothing, was invited to attend a Conference on World Affairs at the University of Colorado in Boulder, and to join these experts in bombarding the young with ideas. Any initial feelings of inadequacy (and they persisted) were overridden by this challenge and the irresistible appeal of a free trip.

A Sunday with a bright sun and a temperature near eighty showed me what a dazzling place Boulder is, set on a mile-high plain against jagged, firred, and pinnacled foothills still creased with snow, and they in turn set against higher, blunter mountains pure white against an incandescent blue. The house where I was billeted with a doctor and his sociologist wife and four children was part of a new development at the foot of the Flatiron rocks, and each house was entirely different in its newness from the next one; a blessed change from the Levittown stencil that blights this country from coast to coast. There was experiment here, and a great sense of freedom.

Crazy but Unbeat Elite

My own sense of freedom, however, was sharply curtailed by a look at the program of the conference, where I saw to my dismay that I was scheduled for two panels a day for five days and was expected to speak —not merely talk with others—on each one. A second glance at the names of the other sixty-four participants reminded me again that I had no business being at the conference in the first place. The stature of my colleagues, whether ambassadors, scientists, or teachers, was awesome.

I met a number of them for the first time on Sunday night at the house of a lady who for years has been a spark plug of this bold Boulder venture. She was young, blonde, and pretty, and severely afflicted with mumps. Although she was in bed and the door to her section of the house was adorned with a large sign saying "Mumps! Keep Out!," it was wide open to the stream of her friends who flocked to admire a fetching blue blouse that came up to her nose, disguising her chipmunk cheeks, and to keep her company. It was only later that certain male guests, mostly under forty and mostly English, began to realize the implications of this exposure. For the moment it was fine to drink and eat and swim in Mrs. Westfeldt's heated pool while the cool pure air of the mountains stung your cheek. If there is such a thing as a crazy elite, we felt that way Sunday night. Monday was a long way off.

Words Winged and Otherwise

But not long enough. The four nice children at the house where I stayed saw to that, their voices in full cry outside my door from seven on, and a neurotic white toy poodle coming to kiss me on the mouth soon after. My door was chronically (through some defect) ajar. I like dogs, but not that early and not that ardent.

The first order of that first day was a plenary session at Macky Auditorium, addressed by Ambassador Chagla of India. We walked across the campus sweltering in an eighty-two-degree sun, and I found the combination of native redstone buildings and gray-green trees attractive if not beautiful. There was, again, this air of lightness and freedom typical of the Rockies.

I heard very little of what Ambassador Chagla said because every time he made a point he banged his ringed fists on the lectern, accompanying himself—as someone said—with percussion. The operative words were lost in a shattering electronic roar. I left in frustration and wonder at his ignorance of this effect, and went to hear a panel called "On the Road: Where?," in which Malcolm Bradbury of *Punch*, the poet John Wain, John Vaizey the economist from Oxford, and Anthony West of the *New Yorker* indulged in the popular sport of baiting the beatniks. Their student targets took this first round with reasonable equanimity: it was, after all, their first glimpse of the animals. But by the fourth day, when the same panel plowed gustily into "Beatitudes and the Zen Bit," the young people were sullen with hostility. I could not restrain a pang of pity for them, for this was their bad season. The Chamber of Commerce has urged male Coloradans to grow beards in honor of the coming Boulder Centennial Celebration, thus forcing a number of beatniks to shave theirs to avoid confusion with squares.

IT MUST BE EXPLAINED at this point that I was quite properly confined, along with my writing colleagues, to the more frivolous areas of the conference, and that while others in other rooms were discussing the cessation of nuclear tests, the recognition of Red China, or the future of NATO, we ranged and dabbled in social commentary, communication, morals, and what is known as "The American Scene." There were twenty different panel discussions a day of almost equal interest and importance, and each of us shared the common frustration of having to speak when we would have liked to listen. I would rather have listened to "The Writer as

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Witch Doctor," for instance, than talk on segregation; to "The Making of a President" or "The British University" or "The Biological Consequences of Nuclear War" instead of sweating out definitions of my own. And I was furious at missing John Wain on Gerard Manley Hopkins, and Max Hayward, the co-translator of *Doctor Zhivago,* on "The Intellectual in Russia." But there it was: you came to impart even if you needed to learn.

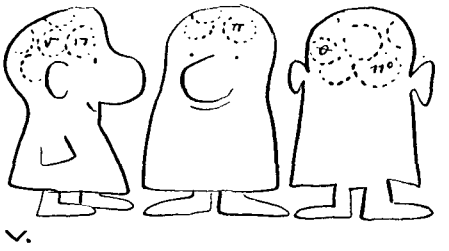
We were all free, however, to hear Tom Mboya of Kenya address a plenary session. This young man has a princely dignity, a superb command of language and phrasing, and a quiet implacability that is deeply impressive. He spoke, of course, of a free Africa. After he was through —to a standing ovation—a few of us questioned only two elements in his speech. One was the overnight speed in which he envisioned African freedom, the other was the uneasy juxtaposition of a statement that free Africa would be a democratic Africa with the familiar threat: If you, the West, don't help us, we will turn elsewhere. But what else could he say?

The British, who viewed Mboya with some pride as a product of their colonial system, were moved by his presence and performance. The German and Netherlands representatives rejected him and his words with visible annoyance.

On Circumscribing Nymphets

On the first day, any students, faculty, or townspeople who had survived any of the previous panels turned up at 4:10 to hear "Whom Could Lolita Corrupt?—a British Problem." There they faced a platform on which I sat apprehensively with Brian Urquhart of the office of the secretary-general of the U.N., John Vaizey of Oxford, Donald MacRae of the University of London, and Esmee Brooks, a highly cultivated and reticent Bostonian.

With his usual fastidious clarity (his speech on nuclear testing was one of the most eloquent at the conference), Urquhart explained the situation in England and the dangers faced by the firm of Weidenfeld and Nicolson should it publish *Lolita.* Assuring his audience that *Lolita* had failed to corrupt *him,* he attacked with eloquence any form of censorship in a civilized democratic society. In my turn, I said that *Lolita* hadn't corrupted me either, but that I wished Mr. Nabokov had not felt compelled to use his great talents to tell this particular story, that it was part of a general sickness, and that one should let sleeping lusts lie. There was general agreement on this, along with full appreciation of Nabokov's descriptive genius and satirical force; but John Vaizey, the neat, collected, clear-edged young economist, came out bluntly for censorship in instances where ideas were harmful to the public good, such as *Mein Kampf* in Germany. The rest of us jumped on him hard, although I said that there might be an area (with which I had been very familiar) where some kind of censorship was warranted: violence mass-produced for children, as in comics, and any other obscene literature.



At this point the discussion generated a lot of heat on both sides of the platform until a young man with an open shirt, a beard, and a very high voice said he didn't see anything unusual in the relationship of Mr. Humbert to *Lolita* in the first place: it was a perfectly natural affair.

Thus ended my first exposure to university life in Boulder and to a Conference of World Affairs anywhere.

Tired but Communicado

The next days were tougher. Starting at ten, each of us had two panels a day separated by a lunch at the Student Center at which all sixty-five of us importees shared the innocuous collegiate diet with faculty members and wondered what in hell the titles of our panels meant. Apart from two sober panels on segregation, North and South, I was confronted, usually with my writing colleagues, by sessions called "In and Out," "Really Top Drawer," "Reverence: The First Step Toward Totalitarianism," and "The Lily White Boys in America and the Girl with the Ping Pong Ball." Compared to them, "The Way of the Satirists" and "Brave New World Revisited" were overexplicit.

These titles, we learned later, were dreamed up over highballs by a corps of imaginative spirits from the University of Colorado inspired by Howard Higman of the department of sociology—the man most responsible for the manner in which these conferences are held: a blend of superb efficiency and untrammeled fantasy new to me. Madness and method are so mated in Higman that the line between is indefinable, and an added flavor of malice—intellectual if not personal—completes the mixture. It is the last ingredient, I think, that made him withhold the purpose of our panels until we were thrust on stage, then forced to translate these snatches of beat talk, magazine sociology, and *Auntie Mame* into something concrete and communicable.

Thus, "In and Out" became a discussion of fads; "Really Top Drawer" (a phrase I have not heard in years) concerned itself with class distinctions here and in England; and "The Lily White Boys in America and the Girl with the Ping Pong Ball," far from being an examination of homosexuality and sport, as most of us had supposed, was simply devoted to conformity, a word we were to grow rather tired of.

As the days wore on and we wore out, our approaches gained in assurance, born sometimes of desperation, and our audiences gained in numbers. By the last two panels we had to move from the cozy clutter of Old Main Chapel to the vast reaches of Macky Auditorium, where amplification gave our cracking voices new resonance. And each of us settled into our own styles and attitudes, now recognized with varying degrees of amusement or displeasure by the student body. Malcolm Bradbury of *Punch* was the clown—a frail and gangling young man of hesitating if inexhaustible speech, who would alternate extremely funny and penetrating observations with a shapeless, almost somnambulist rambling; Anthony West was the soft-voiced, hard-

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minded hewer to reason, his statements structural and in depth; John Wain was the impassioned but organized poet, contemptuous of categories and abstractions; Buckminster Fuller, the New York architect who designs geodesic domes, was the practical dreamer whose vision constantly outreached his words (and his listeners); Professor Will Moore of Oxford was the delightful voice of knowledge without pretense, of a mature society; and I—how do I know what I was to the students except that I felt happily conscious of direct communication with them, whether or not they accepted what I said?

Dishing It Out

Throughout the week, we were highly critical of things the students were brought up to revere. The American Way of Life got a rough going-over, from the cult of popularity to the cult of nonconformity, from pseudo-religious piety to women who, next to their families, liked Tide better than anything. And one of the lines that got the biggest approving roar of derision was "Families That Pray Together Stay Together." The kids aren't buying that.

I got into a few hassles along the way. In one panel on segregation in the North, I made the observation that I myself had met no Negro leaders who assumed any responsibility whatever for the circumstances and manner in which their people lived, blaming their various difficulties wholly on the white community; and I added that the Negro press in New York, venting this blame intemperately, was more of a hindrance than a help.

This got a fiery rebuttal from a co-panelist, Franklin Williams, secretary-counsel of the N.A.A.C.P. in San Francisco, a handsome and angry man who denied that the Negroes bore any responsibility for their condition and asserted that the Negro press was a good press, its bitterness justified. He added that my comments were typical segregationist thinking. He got the applause.

I tangled with him again on "Brave New World Revisited" (he admitted that he hadn't read the book). After the rest of us had liberally doused our listeners with some serious doubts as to the direction of our civilization, Williams rose and said he had a pain in the neck from listening to us all week, and as far as he was concerned everything from identical suburbs to Perry Como was fine with him, and he ended with an eloquent defense of installment buying and mortgage financing.

I told him to go massage his neck. My own was rather hot; and the audience applauded us both loudly.

Fun and Games in the Snow

The second day of the conference, the temperature dropped from eighty to seven and snow started to fall. It didn't stop for four days: the heaviest storm in Boulder in thirteen years. This dense, relentless blanketing was only another insulation from reality, another test—superbly surmounted—of the generous people who fed us, led us,

transported us, suffered us, and sustained us for seven whole days and nights. This alone was a triumph of organization and kindliness.

Each night another member of the community or faculty would give us a party: food and drink for a hundred was standard procedure. It seemed to me, in fact, that as the week wore on and our fatigue increased, the quantities ingested grew progressively larger, the hours later, the talk headier—the result, perhaps, of altitude and isolation. The fear of mumps burgeoned to such an extent among the men that most of them flocked to the doctor who was my host and had him make skin tests; by the fourth night, attention was centered on the fortunate fellows whose arms showed a rosy bump and the alarmed whose arms showed nothing. Affection for the mumps-ridden hostess of the first night waxed or waned accordingly, and there were dark mutterings of revenge among the threatened.

Neither mumps nor snow, however, deterred a hardy dozen or more of us from repairing to Mrs. Westfeldt's heated pool at eleven or so and continuing both refreshment and conversation in hot water while the snow frosted our hair. The only exception we made to this form of therapy was a night when we listened to John Wain read some of his poems. They were what poetry should be: moving and singing.

Not all of us wholly survived the rigors of this life. The circles deepened under our eyes and our voices grew hoarse. For John Vaizey, who shared a room with *Zhivago's* translator, Max Hayward, even sleep was denied: his roommate mumbled in Russian much of the night. Poor young Bradbury collapsed from exhaustion at the last party, and I was beginning to suffer from mirages in which I crawled through deepest snow toward the receding image of a New York-bound plane and my own bed.

YET I FIND IT amazing and wonderful that such a conference should be held anywhere. The more I think of it, the more inspiring, the more adventuresome, and the more creative it seems. For the first time in their lives these young people on their high plateau—these clean, sturdy, bland young boys and girls kept safely within their continent and their customs—are hearing the voices of a world in conflict, of civilizations being born and societies dying, and the sound of things falling from the sky. They are exposed to strange ideas and new forces, to people who do not speak or think alike or like them, and who are not afraid of them.

And for us, the outsiders, we got to know each other, we refreshed each other—and more important still—we smelled the strong air of the Great Divide and looked at new distances.

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The Book That Became 'War and Peace'

KATHRYN FEUER

OUR IMAGE of Tolstoy is fixed—bearded, ascetic old Lev Nikolaevich, pacifist, vegetarian, and Christian anarchist, the sage of Yasnaya Polyana. It broods over all his works, especially over *War and Peace,* which in its reputation for venerable profundity is matched only by the Book of Job. The image, of course, has really nothing to do with the novel, whose author was young, clean-shaven, and robust in his pleasures, a veteran who sometimes longed to go to war again, an aristocrat jealous of his rank and privilege. If one reads *War and Peace* without predispositions, much of this portrait of its author is apparent; it is, as F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote to his daughter, "a man's book." And, as the manuscript drafts of the novel reveal (they were finally published in Russia a few years ago), in its origins *War and Peace* was a young man's book.

Tolstoy was, in fact, just thirty-five when, in 1863, he began work on the novel which he was to finish seven years later. The early manuscripts in particular belong to a book youthful in its attitudes, in its sensationalism, in its grandiose conception, and in its polemic fervor. These drafts are of two quite different types: political discussions and lyrical family-life scenes, with the latter type predominating. For a year and a half Tolstoy wrote almost nothing at all about the war (only a version of the Battle of Austerlitz), and when he did deal with it, in 1865, he was concerned not with its philosophic or historical meanings but with its effects on his individual characters. And even later still, Tolstoy's conception of his work was something other than the book we know; its title, he wrote to a friend in May, 1866, would be "All's Well That Ends Well."

THE EARLY MANUSCRIPTS are far more sensational than the final version. In the very first drafts and outlines, we find Old Prince Bolkonsky with a serf mistress and several illegitimate children, whom he dispatches to the orphans' home; we find Helene (Pierre's wife) in a suggested incestuous relationship with her brother, Anatole, and the mistress of, among others, the Tsar. Here Natasha is *really* seduced by Anatole (while in the final novel she only suffers all the consequences of seduction, remaining technically chaste). Here Pierre has many duels and many love affairs; he kills some of his opponents and one of his mistresses dies in childbirth. And here Nicholas Rostov, the novel's triumphant model of a virtuous nobleman, whose priggishness is as impregnable as his stupidity—Nicholas Rostov has a dancing-girl mistress, provided him by his loving and solicitous parents.

All these episodes disappear very quickly, once Tolstoy has really begun. And yet, in what we might call the later early drafts, the tone of the novel remains far more extreme, its expressed emotions are more intense, than anything we find in the final version. Characters experience passion and exultation, despair, hatred and remorse, and they express these feelings in powerfully effective soliloquies, interior monologues, and, occasionally, in curiously moving dreams. These passages seem to have been written by Tolstoy with spontaneous ease; they are in the vein of eloquent and undisciplined self-revelation that so often marks the youthful work of great novelists.

THE POLITICS, too, of the first drafts was much more explicit and polemical. Indeed, *War and Peace* seems to have been first planned as a political novel, the first volume of a trilogy that would center around the Decembrist uprising in 1825, crushed by Nicholas I, in which a group of nobles, chiefly former army officers, sought to gain a constitution and other reforms for Russia. Volume I was to have taken place in 1812, a formative time in the lives of the Decembrists, many of whom became admirers of western European culture and political ideas during their service in the Napoleonic Wars. Volume II would probably have been set in 1825, the time of the uprising; while Volume III would have described the return of the Decembrist hero in 1856, when the exiled conspirators were amnestied by young Alexander II.

Tolstoy began with the third or 1856 volume, which, it is important

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to realize, had a contemporary setting; he seems to have written on this theme in 1857 and intermittently thereafter. Then, in 1863, he composed four chapters depicting the first days in Moscow of a returned Decembrist and his family. The hero—one can think of him as sixty-five-year-old Pierre Bezukhov—is a sadder but wiser revolutionary; he is kindly in his dealings with rich and poor, with great and humble; he is deeply religious, not interested in politics and "important questions," and convinced that the peasants are the strength and hope of Russia. The attitude toward the revolt that Tolstoy meant to express is conveyed by his own description of the trilogy, in which he speaks of the 1825 volume as describing "the epoch of my hero's errors and misfortunes."

We have no trace of any work done on this second, 1825 volume; so far as the manuscripts show, Tolstoy moved directly back from 1856 to 1812 (and then to 1805, where *War and Peace* opens). We can assume that the second volume would have recounted Pierre's experiences as a revolutionary and that the third would have described his "true" regeneration—his rejection of political activism and his attempts to achieve spiritual self-perfection, probably through his association with peasants in Siberia. Thus it appears that Tolstoy was originally committed to a novel whose major themes were political, and the earliest manuscripts of *War and Peace* indicate that such was, in fact, his intention. There are more than a dozen drafts of the novel's first chapter, and these alternate in a regular rhythm, between attempts to begin with a social characterization of the times and attempts to begin with what Tolstoy called in a marginal note "a subtle political conversation."

THE MORE Tolstoy wrote, however, the more the political novel was pushed into the background. The era-characterizing introductions were not successful; usually they were written satirically, and their tone was too emotional, their wit heavy-handed, their targets too broad and their point of view unspecified; they exhibited, in fact, a total absence of those qualities which are the cornerstones of Tolstoy's best writing. As to the subtle political conversations, these had a tendency to dwindle into synoptic notes after a few sentences. After someone had called Napoleon a

beast, and someone else had said on the contrary, he is a great man, and the rest of the company had said no, no, he is a murderer and antichrist, Tolstoy would decide to continue this interesting discussion another day, and turn with evident relief to fluent scenes of happy family life.

Besides this excessive success of the family-life chapters and the failure of the political introductions and conversations, we can see another reason why Tolstoy abandoned his original design to write a political novel. Tolstoy was a man of warm opinions on every subject, and it must have been intolerable for him cold-bloodedly to devote not just one volume but two to what he could only conceive as his hero's achievement of error. And so the original plan was telescoped: for Pierre's protracted dissipation, one drunken party, marriage to the depraved Helene, and a single duel would serve; for his revolutionary activity, ideological error was substituted—admiration for Napoleon, attempts to better the condition of his serfs, Masonry, then a patriotic plan to kill Napoleon; rather than thirty years of redemptive exile, the experiences of seven years would be sufficient for his successive disillusionments with the liberal panaceas and his eventual achievement of spiritual regeneration with the help of Platon Karataev instead of the Siberian peasants.

Pierre's attempts to help his serfs and his Masonry (the lodges were often centers of Decembrist activity) are plausible activities to attribute to a young Russian liberal or radical in the first decades of the nineteenth century. But why, one may ask, did Tolstoy attach so much importance to admiration for Napoleon as a tenet of "advanced" political thinking? The answer is that Tolstoy seems to have been originally impelled to write *War and Peace* not from an interest in the period of the Napoleonic Wars but rather as a response to contemporary political developments. He appears to have seen in the civic radicalism of Russian intellectuals of a century ago (and perhaps also in the official liberalism of the era) the same menacing specter which had first appeared to Europe in the guise of the glorious French Revolution but had then, in his view, revealed itself more truly as Napoleon and tyranny.

THE PERSONAL SOURCES of Tolstoy's attitude are not too difficult to trace. He had returned from his military service at the end of 1855 as a self-acknowledged liberal, deeply sensitive to the injustices of serfdom. He had enthusiastically worked out a plan to free his own serfs, and was deeply hurt when the peasants rejected it, saying that the rate of compensation he asked for the land was too high and that he was trying to trick them into paying for what the Tsar would soon grant them as their right. This was also the period of his closest association with Turgenev, Nekrasov, and others of the Petersburg intellectuals who were contributors and editors of the progressive *Contemporary*, the journal in which Tolstoy had first published but to which he did not, significantly, submit *War and Peace*. Even at this time, when his relations with these men were at their best, Tolstoy was frequently at odds with them; he would occasionally shock them by playing the roaring, roistering officer home from the wars, racing away from literary salons to all-night drinking parties with gypsy girls; he would assume a cool aristocrat's arrogance in the face of their ink-stained intellectualism; he steadily opposed their belief (which ranged from moderate to extreme) in socially committed art with his own preference for what he called pure and elevated art; and his temperamental contentiousness was roused to frenzy by what he considered their ritualistic liberal cant.

We should really have a good deal

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of sympathy for Tolstoy; his position was much like that of so many Americans who start by rejecting certain immoral features of American life but who, in the barrage of alien assent and augmentation to their criticisms, begin to exempt much that is familiar and dear, until finally they are affirming America, a land which no foreigner can really know. So must Tolstoy have felt about the critics of the Russian landowner; this "liberalism," he said, was based on hatred rather than on love. Perhaps the crux of the matter lay in the fact that much that the liberals hated was bound up with all that Tolstoy loved most. He genuinely detested the institution of serfdom, but his own estate meant so much to him that he once said he could not imagine his life apart from his Yasnaya.

This feeling for the land—his own land—and its way of life expressed itself in a kind of ideal vision of family life in the country, compounded of plain living, high thinking, and poetically simple (a favorite adverb and a favorite adjective) relationships between the sexes, the generations, and the classes; and in this idyll he found an appropriate microcosm for the good society. (Tolstoy's idealization of family life may have owed something to the fact that he was orphaned while still a little boy and was thus deprived of a normal target for rebellion.)

At the same time there is an evident desire to shock the literary fathers, Turgenev and Nekrasov, who had sponsored him and expected so much from him when in 1856 he had first appeared in Petersburg literary society. At a time of tremendous interest in "philanthropic" fiction—fiction that depicted the peasant, the government clerk, the poor student, the widowed landlady—Tolstoy wrote, in what was to have been an entire chapter in Part I of *War and Peace*:

I have written thus far only about Princes, Counts, Ministers, Senators and their children, and I fear that henceforth there will be no other characters in my history.

Perhaps this is not good and will not please the public; perhaps a history of peasants, merchants and seminarists would be more interesting and more instructive for them, but for all my desire to have as many readers as possible, I cannot gratify such a taste, for a number of reasons. First because [his historical materials concern only people of high position]. *Second, because the lives of merchants, coachmen, seminarists, convicts and peasants appear to me to be single-faceted and boring, and all the actions of those people, as it appears to me, spring from the same sources: envy for those in more fortunate positions, self-interest, and the material passions. . . .*

Third, because the life of those people . . . carries in itself less of an imprint of the times.

Fourth, because the life of those people is unattractive.

Fifth, because I can in no way comprehend what a policeman, standing in his sentry-box, is thinking, what a shopkeeper, urging one to buy his neckties and suspenders, is thinking and feeling, or what a seminarist is thinking when he is about to be flogged with birch rods for the hundredth time, and so on. I am so far from understanding all this that I even cannot understand what a cow is thinking while she is being milked, or what a horse thinks when she is pulling a barrel.

Sixth, finally (and this, I know, is the very best reason) because I belong to the very highest class, to society, and I love it.

I am not a petty-bourgeois, as Pushkin dared to say, and I dare to say that I am an aristocrat, by birth and by

habit and by situation. I am an aristocrat because for me, to remember my forebears . . . is not only not shameful but is especially joyful. I am an aristocrat because I have been brought up from childhood in love and respect for the highest classes and in love for refinement . . . I am an aristocrat because . . . neither I nor my father nor my grandfather have known want, nor the struggle between conscience and want . . . I see that this is great good fortune, and I thank God for it, but the fact that this good fortune does not belong to all I cannot see as any reason for me to renounce it or not make use of it.

I am an aristocrat because I cannot believe in the lofty mind, the subtle taste and great honor of a man who picks his nose with his finger while his spirit communes with God.

All this is perhaps very stupid, criminal, insolent, but there it is. And I warn the reader in advance what sort of a man I am and what he may expect from me. There is still time to close the book and expose me as an idiot and a reactionary. . . .

TOLSTOY was as good as his word; in the first three years of work on the novel, he described not a single important character of less than noble rank. Instead he took delight in drawing such portraits as that of Old Prince Bolkonsky, a highly cultured and enlightened landowner (whom he modeled on his paternal grandfather) and in taunting his readers:

As I would not wish to disturb the reader with an unusual description, nor to depict something contrary to all other descriptions of that period, I must warn the reader in advance that Prince Bolkonsky was, in general, not a wicked man, that he flogged no one to death and even hated corporal punishment, that he did not wall up his wives in dungeons, nor eat as much as four men, nor keep a seraglio . . . but that, on the contrary, he could not bear all that and was an intelligent, cultured and honest man . . . exactly such a man as we ourselves are, with the same vices, passions and virtues, and with a complex intellectual life, just like ours.

Indeed it was difficult for Tolstoy to draw even a well-born but poor character sympathetically. Boris Drubetskoy is an interesting case; originally he was to have been wealthy and honorable, though overly ambitious (very much like Prince Andrey, who did not exist in the earliest manuscripts); after Tolstoy decides to impoverish him, however, we begin to see, in the successive manuscripts, his steady moral decline, until he becomes the careerist and hypocrite of the final novel. It seems that for Tolstoy the actions of a poor man were inevitably morally suspect, to the extent that one even begins to wonder about Pierre: could he have acquired so much

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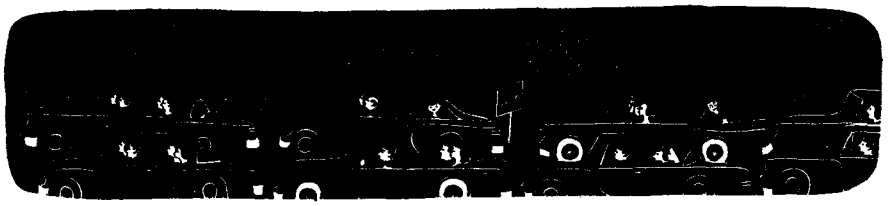
goodness had he not first acquired so much money?

If Tolstoy could not bring himself to write a novel in which his hero became a revolutionary, neither could he limit himself to a tendentious conservatism; his views on politics were insufficiently rigid (despite what we have seen, during this same period he once challenged the writer M. N. Longinov to a duel for casting aspersions on his liberalism) and his views on art would not permit it. Tolstoy constantly reiterated his view that art must be "pure," that it could not take sides on public questions or sustain political controversy; and probably the opposition of most of the *Contemporary* circle made his stand all the firmer. "The Biblical words: 'judge not,' are profoundly true in art," he observed; "narrate, describe, but judge not." This was clearly his belief; but later, again inscribing "judge not" in his notebook, he added the anguished cry "But how is it possible not to judge?" Somewhere between the injunction and the confession can be found the voice that Tolstoy made his own in *War and Peace,* a diction of the purest objective neutrality which narrates and describes, creating characters and events that are in themselves judgments more eloquent than the most powerful polemic. And so the strident political didacticism of the early drafts disappeared, to remain—with the sensational episodes and intense emotions—just under the surface of the final novel, where it is evoked in the reader rather than expressed.

I HAVE BEEN DISCUSSING here chiefly Tolstoy's first year of work on the novel. In the two years following, during which he devised almost all of its personal episodes, he developed the techniques through which expression was replaced by evocation, and he perfected a style whose virtuosity is breathtaking. He learned to depict the most trivial personal experiences of his characters in such a way that their significance reverberated through the entire novel, and he created an extraordinarily effective method for presenting historical fact as fiction and historical fiction as fact.

It was only after three years of work, first on the political novel, then on "All's Well That Ends Well," that his thoughts about the meaning of Napoleon and the war began to dominate the novel's conception. These thoughts were expressed, however, certainly not as political ideas, and not even as reflections on historical events. Rather, Tolstoy engaged in a kind of free-handed historiography; he conducted a massive dialogue with the historians on a subject about which he was an expert—the subject of how to tell the truth. And at the same time, the great events of the war moved up from the background and began to take over the novel; the individual characters who had been Tolstoy's chief concern for so long would drop from sight, then reappear for a moment in the crowd, then be gone again, lost in the smoke of burning Moscow, indistinguishable on the vast white landscape across which Napoleon's broken Grande Armée staggered toward home.

Nevertheless, the world-out-of-genius has this in common with the world-out-of-nature: nothing is ever really lost from it. And so it happens that, as *War and Peace* ends, Pierre is speaking to his family of a group of men who are joining together to bring about changes in Russia, and listening eagerly is young Nicholas Bolkonsky, the son of Andrey, the child of the next generation. It seems clear that these men are the Decembrists, and it seems inevitable that not only young Nicholas will join them but also Pierre, despite all the wisdom of the thirteen hundred pages shored up on his behalf.



The Personal Adman

EDITH WITT

THE AGE of the Personal Adman, it can be seen in retrospect, evolved logically out of the era of Motivation. When the behavioral scientists turned their attention to marketing, they discovered that the area of consuming was more complex than any with which they had yet had to deal. For it involved, with each purchase of toothpaste, breakfast food, soft drink, and a thousand other things, the answers to the questions *Who am I? What am I doing here? What is the meaning of life?*

Inevitably, as more and more psychiatrists, psychologists, physicians, and anthropologists plunged into the hurly-burly of the advertising offices, the difference between an adman and a behavioral scientist became only a matter of a degree. As the degreemen helped the admen help the manufacturers produce built-in philosophy and fun, the behavioral scientists began, in turn, to ask the admen for help in their own practice.

"Bill," they would say, "there's a woman that has me stumped. She's buying everything she should but she still can't get along with her husband." The upshot was that Bill promised to talk with the woman himself. Some admen were soon devoting almost all their time to private practice.

LOTHAR J. BILLINGS is credited by some writers as being the first Personal Adman, but he worked in obscurity in the West and the chronology is in question. The legend is that on the last trip of the ferry across San Francisco Bay, Billings

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persuaded a woman not to jump over the starboard rail. She confided to him that she was a consumer and they discussed her problems all the way across to Berkeley and almost all the way back. This woman's name was Amaranda Mayhew, but in the excitement of the occasion what she and Billings said to one another was not recorded. However, at dawn Billings wrote in his journal:

"Why do we go on with mass communication, when what we need is direct intimate relationship between the adman and consumer? What we need is the Personal or Private Adman."

As the era of Motivation was the search of the businessman for the consumer, so the age of the Personal Adman became a simultaneous groping of consumers and admen for Togetherness.

An adman arriving at his office would find a harried-looking woman waiting for him. "I'm a consumer," she'd say, "and I need help. I think it's my eye-blink rate in supermarkets." By the time he had shown her some ink blots and she had free-associated and completed sentences, there would be a dozen troubled consumers waiting for him.

One after another, agencies yielded to the pressure of events and added Personal Admen Departments with regular appointments and waiting lists.

IT WAS Scudder McCandless who developed the concept of the Brand-Integrated Personality. "We have to admit," he wrote, "that we have contributed to the emotional difficulties we are now trying to solve. For years we have been matching brands with facets of consumer personality—the automobile facet or the gelatin-dessert facet or the cigarette facet or the dog-food facet. But we have left the consumer without guidance as to how he can put these facets together to achieve an integrated personality. We have created a fragmented consumer. We must now undo the confusion, not on a mass basis, but consumer by consumer, each of whom can then pass on to his children the goal of a brand-integrated personality."

Some of McCandless's early cases were astounding: Mrs. B., twenty-four years old; three children aged two, three, and four; husband killed in automobile accident; living with her parents. Father recovering from heart attack; mother convalescing from cancer surgery; older brother alcoholic. Mrs. B. supports the family as a marketing-research interviewer, which she finds rewarding work. Nevertheless, she had become unaccountably depressed and anxious when she was referred to McCandless. Her problem, he found, was the hodgepodge of her brand selections, which were literally pulling her apart. Together they worked out Mrs. B.'s brand-integrated personality, covering a basic list of 1,783 brand decisions. A follow-up a year later found Mrs. B. a changed woman. Her mother and father were on a Caribbean cruise. Her brother had his own Personal Adman. She had remarried and had received a raise to a dollar and a half an hour.

Another of McCandless's early cases was the now-famous Slade family: Mr. S. had a take-home pay of $333.15 a month. The family's fixed monthly payments and expenses came to $362.87. There were four children and another one expected. To supplement their income, Mrs. S. worked at the local department store for $1.05 an hour. She paid the woman who looked after the children $1 an hour, part of which was tax-deductible. Mr. S. took on an additional job at a service station nights and weekends. They were on the point of getting a divorce, except that they were terribly in love, when they learned about McCandless.

He found that they were actually not so bad off as they imagined, for the pattern of their brand selections

was harmonious, except for a few areas centering around bubble gum, pork and beans, and collection agencies. When this was straightened out, Mrs. S. was able to quit work and devote her time to the Integrated Family Brand Chart and to have her baby. McCandless made a number of home visits to fit this new arrival into the Family Brand Personality. Mr. S. gave up his second job, paid off his debts, and, with the guidance of McCandless, took on the payments for a convertible and a trailer of brands which fitted both the family personality and the driveway. The following year Mr. S. was sent to the Soviet Union with the Catopia County championship bowling team.

BY THIS TIME the Personal Adman was part of the American scene. Advertisers now contributed to the establishment of clinics and made grants for research projects and the training of more admen. Still, there were not enough Personal Admen to go around. They began to feel they were not reaching the people who needed their services most. On the other hand, so many consumers were involved in brand-integration therapy that advertisers became concerned about the shortage of consumers with enough time or money to buy anything.

Fortunately, just about this time Guy Fewkes in Boston developed the formula of the Interchangeable Man (or Interchangeable Woman), a personality that, ninety-five chances out of a hundred, would fit any possible combination of known brands, give or take six percentage points. Advertisers were quick to see that the mass media could develop this interchangeable consumer on a nation-wide scale and thus obviate the necessity for endless treatment on an individual basis. Despite the expense, they were about to launch a massive educational campaign in this direction when Cora Kibbe, working on the western fringes of Chicago, cried out in the wilderness.

"Advertising men," wrote Mrs. Kibbe, "have become so competent in creating unique brand personalities for similar goods and services that one agency can turn out just as unique advertising as another agency. The words and pictures may be different. But the message always is the same." These studies led Cora Kibbe to redefine the formula of the Interchangeable Man to the formula of the Interchangeable Adman. At first this idea was misinterpreted and not favorably received. But it finally led to a new age in advertising.

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MOVIES

Top and Bottom

JAY JACOBS

THE BRITISH, who are old hands at at putting together high-powered machines whose excellence and elegance stem from the fact that they are the sum of, rather than an excuse for, the beauty of their individual parts, have, in *Room at the Top*, turned out a film that is as patently superior to most pictures as the Rolls-Royce—or, if you're inclined to be diffident about the analogy, the Bentley—is to most cars.

The story concerns a young cove from the North Country, a sort of Anglicized Julien Sorel, who is determined, come Hell and high living, to liberate himself from his low-caste origins. Joe Lampton, our young man on the make (played in magnificently feral style by Laurence Harvey), returns to England after three years spent in a German war prison and takes, in rapid succession, a job as a minor bureaucrat in the industrial town of Warnley; a fancy to the local tycoon's daughter (Heather Sears), who manifestly embodies his vision of the posh life to which he passionately yearns to become accustomed; a series of withering rebuffs at the hands of the contumelious crowd he tries to bull his way into; and a full-blown Gallic mistress (acted to perfection by Simone Signoret, who, as another character has occasion to remark, is "all woman").

I haven't yet read the novel on which this Romulus film is based, but, since its author, John Braine, has made a public declaration of his satisfaction with the movie, I imagine it hasn't departed substantially from the book. Mr. Braine appears to be one young English writer who has tempered his anger with a measure of compassion, and his story is distinguished by the fact that it is the work of an authentic artist, not a mere polemicist. While Mr. Braine, in the course of his fable (in which the fox *gets* the grapes, only to find that they're none too sweet), administers a merciless clobbering to the anachronistic British social structure, he is as adept with the scalpel as he is with the truncheon, and his primary concern is with the complexities of individual human behavior.

The characters in *Room at the Top* are thoroughly credible and—for all their flaws—surprisingly decent people. It is, in fact, their innate decency, rather than their baser motivations, that ultimately undoes them in a cannibalistic, canine milieu.

In itself, a good story is no guarantee for a good film. The quality of *Room at the Top* depends, as I've indicated, on the excellence of all its component elements. The screen play, the acting, and the photography are all first-rate, as is just about everything else in this film, which is so well balanced that I hesitate to single out anyone connected with it for special praise.

It would be impossible, though, not to take note of Jack Clayton's superlative direction. Mr. Clayton, besides being in complete control of the "big picture" at all times, has an infallible eye for telling if unobtrusive details that quietly explode somewhere along the borderline between the conscious and the subliminal.

There's very little room, in *Room at the Top*, for improvement.

ACCORDING TO my notes, which are almost as devoid of coherence and chronology as the picture itself, somewhere in the seemingly interminable course of *The Naked Maja* Anthony Franciosa says, "I'm not a dead bull." The point of this utterance escapes me at the moment, but it seems, in retrospect, to have been simply a willful attempt to sabotage a carefully constructed image that I found more credible than anything else in the film. Ava Gardner, as Iberian as hot dogs and Coca-Cola, plays the Duchess of Alba to Mr. Franciosa's stunned and stolid Francisco Goya in this United Artists potboiler by Norman Corwin and Giorgio Prosperi. Their accomplices are a polyglot crew whose histrionic abilities fall considerably below the level maintained by professional wrestlers.

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BOOKS

Toward Pre-emptive War?

IRVING KRISTOL

WAR AND THE SOVIET UNION, by H. S. Dinerstein. *Praeger. $5.50.*

In the Soviet Union, as in the United States, science fiction is a popular genre. But Soviet science-fiction tales have one odd and distinctive characteristic: there is no life on other planets. At most, there will be traces of past life—backward societies and civilizations destroyed by internecine warfare or some other cataclysm. But there are no Martians with X-ray eyes, no telepathic Plutonians, no supersonic Galactians. The solar and the stellar systems are all virgin lands, waiting passively to receive the intrepid Communist pioneer. The explanation of this peculiarity is to be found in the religious quality of Communist belief. Just as, in the seventeenth century, Christian theologians were anguished by the question of "the plurality of worlds"—for if such existed, one would have to face the possibility that Christianity was not truly a universal religion but only an earthly myth—so Communist theory cannot contemplate a state of affairs that would make the materialist interpretation of history a merely parochial dogma rather than the final and redeeming message it proclaims itself to be. After all, nothing could more humiliate a Marxist dialectician than to discover unearthly beings who have never heard of Marx or the class struggle or socialism, and who can nevertheless travel with the speed of light; it would be rather like meeting an angel.

This ideological dimension of Soviet thought we are inclined to minimize, even ignore. We find it so incredible that we make the error of assuming that nobody can really subscribe to it. Instead, we stress the "neo-Victorian" and homier aspects of the régime, and look to its birthday cards (where men in dinner jackets toast elaborately gowned ladies with champagne), its growing class divisions, its prudery and stuffiness, its keen appetite for material luxuries and pleasures, for reassurance of a common humanity. These aspects of Russian life today are real; they are important; they are heartening; they do represent an amelioration of the original fanaticism that established the system. But it is not at all clear that they are as yet decisive.

One realm where it is, alas, least clear is that of Soviet thinking on military matters. Mr. Dinerstein's book is a masterly and fascinating account of the evolution of this thinking since the death of Stalin. For the Marxist theory of war has been passing through a process of agonizing reappraisal, and on the still unpredictable conclusion of this process the fate of the human race very likely depends. This reappraisal has, so far, been carried on in a relatively covert manner; the "thaw" among Soviet strategists has not yet produced a Pasternak, not even an Ilya Ehrenburg. And it is therefore all the more valuable to us to have so experienced and subtle a guide as Mr. Dinerstein—a learned Sovietologist (for once that term does not need the apologetic embrace of quotation marks) who has painstakingly studied the printed material that is available, reading the unreadable and making considerable sense of the otherwise incomprehensible. Much of his inquiry inevitably overlaps with Raymond L. Garthoff's *Soviet Strategy in the Nuclear Age,* brought out by the same publisher last year. But there is an important shift of emphasis, especially on the question of Soviet missile strategy, so that the two books very nearly complement each other.

SOVIET military doctrine, since the Second World War, has passed through three stages. The first, to 1953, was the Stalinist phase. The second, 1953-1955, saw the revision and modification of Stalinist orthodoxy. The third and current period, according to Mr. Dinerstein, has witnessed the emergence—still within the older framework—of a novel emphasis on the importance of a "pre-emptive" surprise nuclear strike.

The distinguishing characteristic of the Stalinist era in the field of military theory was negative: *between 1947 and 1953 not a single article on atomic weapons appeared in the Soviet military press.* According to Stalin, what was crucial in war were the "permanently operating factors." The victory of socialism being inevitable, the more "progressive" social system was bound to be victorious "in the long run," regardless of such elements as surprise, superior generalship, and technological advantages. Strangely enough, the experience of German blitzkrieg in the Second World War was pointed to as a proof of this thesis. For had not the Germans, despite their imposing initial victories, lost out in the end? The fact that they had nearly won was allowed no significance; only their defeat was meaningful.

There was, of course, more to the Stalinist theory than this. Stalin may have been mad, but he was no fool. Doubtless one reason he insisted on ignoring the import of atomic weapons was his concern for the effect that American superiority in this field would have on the morale of his cadres and on the ideological underpinnings of his régime. But it is also true that Stalinist doctrine, in its strictly strategical implications, coincided with some elementary mil-

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itary logic. In case of war, the Stalinist plan was quickly to overrun and occupy all of western Europe. This would not, to be sure, prevent American atomic bombs from wreaking huge damage on the Soviet Union itself. But Stalin had experienced such carnage before: during the German attack in 1941, he had been deprived of forty per cent of his population, sixty per cent of his coal, iron, steel, and aluminum production, forty per cent of his grain production, and four million soldiers dead, wounded, and captured. And once Russian troops were in secure possession of western Europe, the American military effort would have become pointless: we would hardly atom-bomb Paris and London, nor could we undertake a transatlantic invasion. At this point, Stalin reasoned, the United States would write off Europe and withdraw into a *Festung Amerika*.

NOW THIS PLAN accorded so well with geopolitical realities that it has remained a part of Soviet staff doctrine ever since, as Mr. Dinerstein demonstrates. But it had one drawback: it grossly underestimated the destructive power of atomic—and especially of thermonuclear—weapons. These were simply of another order from all previous military experience and history. The Soviet physicists knew this; the generals knew it; the Politburo knew it. The problem was what to do with this information. The totalitarian system only makes sense to itself within the perspective of a permanent, irrepressible conflict with the "outside" world; to admit that technological developments have in any way "transcended" this conflict, by making the concept of "victory" itself meaningless, could be taken as a declaration of political bankruptcy. The history of post-Stalinist military thought, then, is an effort to cope with the apocalyptic dimensions of the hydrogen bomb.

This problem began to be discussed in Soviet military journals after Stalin's death. It led to some interesting controversies, well described by Mr. Dinerstein, but of so fantastic a character that a reader unversed in Marxism will find it nearly impossible to comprehend what the fuss was all about. There was argument as to whether there was one art of war covering different social systems, whether there was a "socialist" theory of war inherently opposed to a "capitalist" theory, whether there was only one art of war perceived differently by socialist and capitalist states, whether there was one "basic" art of war but also several sub-arts applicable in varying degrees to various social systems, etc., etc., etc. Behind this dialectical fog, there was one practical question: the possible effectiveness of a surprise attack by the "capitalist" world against the Soviet Union. Hitherto, surprise had been considered an "accidental" rather than an "essential" factor in war. The advent of thermonuclear bombs had obviously affected this formula. But how much? And in what way?

Simultaneously, there seems to have been a more serious and less mystifying controversy within the top Soviet political leadership. According to Mr. Dinerstein, Malenkov actually adopted the heterodox view that a major thermonuclear war could mean the end of human civilization itself, and he expressed this view in March, 1954. Against him there was ranged the faction led by Khrushchev, which insisted that any future war could only mean the end of capitalism and the final victory of socialism. Behind this dispute there lay conflicting estimates of western intentions. Malenkov believed that "ruling circles" in the West saw the matter very much as he did; Khrushchev insisted that the West, torn by capitalist "contradictions," must necessarily be planning to defeat and destroy its mortal enemy, the Soviet Union. Malenkov lost out—and according to Mr. Dinerstein's speculation, it was his failure to get a summit meeting with Eisenhower, at which he could propose some form of "disengagement," that was instrumental in his defeat. Ever since Malenkov's fall, the Soviet press has repeatedly and violently attacked any suggestion that a future war could mean the "destruction of world civilization," labeling it a capitalist trick to induce a false sense of security while preparing a surprise attack.

Khrushchev's victory did not, however, mean a return to the *status quo ante*. The fact could not be blinked that a thermonuclear assault was not simply a variant of the older blitzkrieg. Beginning in 1955, Soviet military doctrine, while obstinately insisting that a surprise attack could not in itself be decisive (for this would make a "capitalist" victory conceivable), has been surreptitiously engaged in taking the true measure of just this possibility. The involuted jargon and bizarre syntax that this devious approach gives rise to makes it extremely difficult to get a clear idea of what it is the Soviet theorists are saying, much less what they are thinking. Mr. Dinerstein has reached two major conclusions on this subject which other scholars may challenge. But they are not implausible in the light of the evidence, and they are so chilling as to merit the soberest consideration.

HIS FIRST conclusion is that present Soviet leaders do not subscribe to the western doctrine of "mutual deterrence"—and, moreover, do not believe that we sincerely subscribe to it either. Loyal to the vision of the world expounded in that farrago of plagiarized misinformation, Lenin's *Imperialism*, they are certain that the "uneven development of capitalism" and the "contradictions" thereby engendered inevitably lead to war. They do think, of course, that their own military preparedness does "deter" the West from striking at once. But they do not allow that a state of "mutual deterrence" could be a relatively stable equilibrium.

The second conclusion, which is even more disheartening, follows from the first. If a war is inevitable, the striking of the first blow becomes a crucial matter. As we have seen, this is never openly conceded by official Soviet military theory, but it is nevertheless implicit in the most recent turn their doctrine has taken. This turn is in the direction of a doctrine of "pre-emptive war"—not "preventive war," which is what the capitalists are preparing, but "pre-emptive war," which means: you strike just *before* the moment when the enemy is set to launch a "preventive war." Now, in a sense, all military staffs in all places and times give credit to this doctrine; one would have to be a pacifist not to. But all

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military staffs have also realized that, though the doctrine was sensible enough, it had little practical value. For how could one know of a certainty that an enemy attack was imminent? And who would want to bear the awful responsibility of plunging one's nation into war on the basis of information that might well be erroneous or even fabricated? What distinguishes the Soviet leaders' attitude toward this problem is that *they seem to think* that they have an infallible method of obtaining the correct answers. As one Soviet marshal has written: "It is absolutely clear and beyond argument that Marxist-Leninist science is fully capable of foreseeing such a significant phenomenon in the life of society as the transition from a condition of peace to a condition of war."

I have emphasized that this is what *the Soviet leaders seem to think*. For it is a hopeful feature of this situation that (a) they really may not be thinking what they seem to be thinking, and (b) they may not even be thinking what they think they are thinking.

DURING the past six years, the Soviet military mind has experienced considerable shaking up; it has lost some of its dogmatic self-assurance—to the extent of being more than ordinarily incoherent. It certainly has a closer connection with the real world than it did in Stalin's day, crippled though it still is by its original perversity. And once men begin to think—even military men—there is no telling how far their thoughts will carry them. It was apparently possible for Malenkov to come to the realization that a thermonuclear war could not really be regarded as the continuation of foreign policy by other means. He is silenced now, but presumably there are others who are willing, or will be willing, to face this truth, if the time for thinking is granted to them.

It is the ideal function of western diplomacy to encourage them in their work of reassessment, by that precise combination of gentleness and firmness which will stimulate without provoking, reassure without appeasing. Never was an ideal more intangible and elusive. Pity our poor statesmen!

Rosy-Finger'd Egypt

ALFRED KAZIN

MOUNTOLIVE, by Lawrence Durrell. *Dutton. $3.95.*

I have never been to Alexandria, but having read *Justine* and *Balthazar* and now *Mountolive*—the first three novels in Mr. Durrell's tetralogy—I plan never to be disenchanted by an experience of the real thing. No place on earth could be so dense with literary atmosphere and poetic suggestion as Mr. Durrell's Alexandria. In the first volume, *Justine,* there are innumerable loving touches to bring home to us "the white city . . . whose pearly skies are broken in spring only by the white stalks of the minarets and the flocks of pigeons turning in clouds of silver and amethyst"; in the second, *Balthazar,* even the foreign warships in the harbor "turned in their inky reflections —the forest of masts and rigging in the Commercial Port swayed softly among the mirror-images of the water"; in *Mountolive,* "suddenly the sky line was sliced in half by a new flight, rising more slowly and dividing earth from air in a pink travelling wound; like the heart of a pomegranate staring through its skin. Then, turning from pink to scarlet, flushed back into white and fell to the lake level like a shower of snow to melt as it touched the water—'Flamingo,' they both cried and laughed, and the darkness snapped upon them, extinguishing the visible world."

Lawrence Durrell writes prose like a man seeking the maximum sensuous enjoyment from each word. It is a poet's failing—when he writes prose. Some years ago, when Randall Jarrell published a novel, he is supposed to have exclaimed, "I didn't know it was this easy!" It isn't, and even so gifted and intelligent a poet as Mr. Durrell, when he writes novels, never gets near enough to life to know what he has left out. The English ambassador to Egypt, David Mountolive, who in youth had been the lover of an Egyptian Christian, Leila, discovers that her son, Nissim, has been sending arms to the Jewish underground in Palestine. Nissim has anticipated the rise of Arab nationalism and believes that with the decline of Anglo-French imperialism, only a Jewish Palestine will be able to protect the non-Moslems in the Near East. Mountolive is deeply troubled. "Once in bed he entered a narrow maze of shallow and unrefreshing dreams in which he floundered all night long—images of the great network of lakes with their swarming fish and clouds of wild birds, where once more the youthful figures of himself and Leila moved, spirited by the soft concussion of oars in water, to the punctuation of a single soft finger drum across a violet night-scape. . . ."

"Soft concussion" is just the phrase for my experience of Mr. Durrell's novels. There are no sharp edges, no painful passions, no real losses, no hurts. People hop in and out of beds as if sex did nothing but induce gentle reflections on life; ancient Englishmen in the Egyptian police force become transvestites and are beaten to death by English sailors; homosexual dwarfs have hatpins thrust through their brains and are discovered at the end of a ball under a mound of coats on a bed; Leila's other son, Narouz, kills a hostile employee with a bull whip and goes hunting with his brother carrying the victim's head in his hunting bag; the suave and handsome ambassador is beaten and robbed by a crowd of child prostitutes. But everything is reduced to a vaguely diffused sensuousness of word and sensations; even the honest pangs of sex are muffled in the jasmine warmth and flowers of Alexandria, in words that represent the poet's effort to reach that absolute which is inherent in language itself. What is wrong with this in a novel is that it does not carry anything forward; it does not even help to create an atmosphere from which an action can follow. It is writing that exists merely to call attention to Mr. Durrell's exceptional literary sensibility, and that does—to such a point that reading the novels

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is as cozy an experience as one can have these days. You know that Mr. Durrell will jog pleasantly along, more in touch with his own delightful imagination than with any of the notorious stinks, festers, sores, and dungheaps of Egypt.

This coziness makes a particular appeal to the kind of literary imagination that wants the exotic brought down to its own size. Mr. Durrell is a classical scholar, a man enraptured with all the ancient and poetic associations of the city, and the appeal his novels make just now is entirely understandable, even if he is writing a travelogue of Alexandria in Technicolor. Above everything else, Mr. Durrell has a way of suggesting that our grip on the external world is now so uncertain that all truth simply becomes relative to the observer. This indeed is the theme of his novels. "Fact is unstable by its very nature. Narouz once said to me that he loved the desert because there 'the wind blew out one's footsteps like candle-flames.' So it seems to me does reality. How then can we hunt for the truth?" Or as Balthazar puts it in the second novel: "Truth is what most contradicts itself in time." And in the third, after the novelist Pursewarden has committed suicide in contrition for his failure, as a British intelligence agent, to discover Nissim's plot to arm the Jews in Palestine—"Truth naked and unashamed. This is a splendid phrase. But we always see her as she seems, never as she is. Each man has his own interpretation."

This elegant skepticism is by now a familiar conception in the novel, and for at least fifty years the most interesting intelligence devoted to the novel has attacked the old conception of "reality" as something which the novelist had only to copy. But as Mr. Durrell explains in the preface to *Balthazar,* he has modeled his novels not on the Proust-Joyce method of prolonging the individual's experience of time but on the space-time continuum of relativity. The first three novels show the "three sides of space" and are "deployed spatially, not linked in a serial form. They interlap, interweave, in a purely spatial relation. Time is stayed. The fourth part alone will represent time and be a true sequel. The subject-object relation is so important to relativity that I have tried to turn the novel through both subjective and objective modes."

Unfortunately, I do not know what this means, and in his practice of fiction Mr. Durrell seems to me more adept at creating a prose-poetry about Alexandria than he is in making clear to us the kind of new vision he is trying to incorporate into his novels. To me he is a lyric writer with a highly fragmented intelligence, an innocent delight in Egyptian upper-class society, and a profound capacity for sensuous enjoyment. His mind is more independent, more genuinely reflective, than that of many contemporary novelists; but I am thoroughly convinced, after reading these three novels, that when his characters describe truth as unstable, they are really speaking, not wisdom, but for Mr. Durrell's own uncertain sense of reality. Again and again the reader of the novels suspects this, for he cannot help noting that when Mr. Durrell so sharply separates space from time he is attempting something which in the representation of actual human experience is impossible, since we do not think

of space apart from time. It is to the point, too, that whereas Mr. Durrell told us that *Mountolive* would be "a straight naturalistic novel in which the narrator of *Justine* and *Balthazar* becomes an object, i.e., a character," this character, Darnley, hardly appears in *Mountolive*! And rude as the thought may be, I believe that Nissim's running of arms to Palestine, the situation on which *Mountolive* turns, and which is supposed to explain at last the peculiar relations between Nissim and his wife, Justine, is as improbable, artificial, and unserious a literary device as it is a political situation.

When I say "unserious," I do not mean frivolous but literary; the literary can be the enemy of literature. Mr. Durrell seems to me fundamentally a writer concerned with pleasing his own imagination, not with making deeper contact with the world through his imagination, as Proust and Joyce did. As Henry Thoreau, the romantic incarnate, put it, "I went far enough to please my imagination." Mr. Durrell, who like Kipling was born in India, who is saturated in the warmth and freedom of Mediterranean culture, who has written with such beauty of Cyprus as well as of Egypt, seems to me the latest example of that blind adoration of the East that has been the staple of so many distinguished British writers from Kipling and Doughty to T. E. Lawrence. He has redeemed with his own sensibility the pains of imperialism, has sweetened the gall and wormwood of the East with the "perfumed sails" and "love-sick winds" of Shakespeare's Egypt. Alexandria, its very name from the great conqueror himself, its evocation of *Antony and Cleopatra,* its mingling of so many races and nations, gives a sensitive civil servant like Mr. Durrell a chance to relish the sweetness of the primitive and the corrupt, to eat his fill of the honeyed air, without ever getting any closer to the actualities of real political life and real Near Eastern dirt than he ever need to. This saturation in atmosphere, this adoration of the primitive, is the British way of escaping the puritanism and responsibility of the national life and at the same time, by paying tribute to the victims of British power, of trying to make up for the actual guilt in which even a poet like Mr. Durrell, simply by being *there,* has shared. The enchantment of these ex-official travelers with the East is one of the great chapters in British literature, and no one can read Mr. Durrell's novels without sharing in the sensuous pleasures of Alexandria. But I cannot take these novels seriously; the greatest impression they leave on me is what a good time Mr. Durrell had in writing them.

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'Do Judges Make Law?'

LOUIS H. POLLAK

THE SUPREME COURT FROM TAFT TO WARREN, by Alpheus T. Mason. *Louisiana State University Press. $4.95.*

Mr. Dooley was wiser than he knew: in at least one very important sense, the Supreme Court would be derelict *not* to follow the election returns. To be sure, the Court's highest function is to set its face, when occasion demands, against the mandates of a majority and to declare them inconsistent with the Constitution. But at the same time, the shaping of a living Constitution demands of the justices that they dwell on intimate terms with the society whose fundamental law they are charged with shaping. To this end, two-way communication between the justices and the people is essential. This is the real significance of the much-quoted words of Justice Brewer, one of Mr. Dooley's contemporaries:

"It is a mistake to suppose that the Supreme Court is either honored or helped by being spoken of as beyond criticism. On the contrary, the life and character of its justices should be the objects of constant watchfulness by all, and its judgments subject to the freest criticism. The time is past in the history of the world when any living man or body of men can be set on a pedestal and decorated with a halo. True, many criticisms may be, like their authors, devoid of good taste, but better all sorts of criticisms than no criticism at all. The moving waters are full of life and health; only in the still waters is stagnation and death."

The problem today is not lack of tasteless criticism. There is certainly no dearth of strident ante-bellum Southerners caterwauling about the segregation cases. And in another corner of the field are such savants as the members of the American Bar Association's Special Committee on Communist Tactics, Strategy and Objectives, who recently advised a waiting world: "Many cases have been decided in such a manner as to encourage an increase in Communist activity in the United States. . . . The paralysis of our internal security grows largely from construction and interpretation centering around technicalities emanating from our judicial process. . . ." (Fortunately, the A.B.A. did not elect to endorse its committee's thought that the Bill of Rights and other fundamental guarantees are "technicalities.") The difficulty is that, balanced against the ponderous exhortations of the yahoos, there is so little responsible analysis and criticism of the Court.

This matters. It matters because the Supreme Court possesses and is today wielding enormous power, and the American people are entitled—and indeed obligated—to know how and why it operates.

As controversy about the Supreme Court has quickened (notably since the segregation cases were decided), there has been an increasing flow of books about the Court written for popular consumption. Regrettably, however, their quality has not measured up to the need. Paul Freund's volume, *On Understanding the Supreme Court,* is masterful; but other than that one is hard put to think of any general study of the Court published since the war that is comparable with the writings of Felix Frankfurter a generation ago, or even with Robert H. Jackson's compellingly partisan account of F.D.R.'s war with the Court, *The Struggle for Judicial Supremacy.*

ALPHEUS T. MASON'S book is illustrative of the meager diet currently served the public. The flaw in Professor Mason's book is of some moment, because its pretensions are great. He addresses himself single-mindedly to what, as a distinguished teacher of political science, he rightly perceives to be the central task, to "dispel superstition and promote understanding of the judicial function in American politics." Having written major biographies of Justices Brandeis and Stone, Mason knows these past four decades of judicial history well. With clarity, scholarship, and conviction, he leads his readers into fundamental error.

The error is the intimation that the justices, and particularly the present incumbents, regularly perform their ultimate function of judicial review of legislation by equating their own private views of a statute's wisdom with its Constitutionality. This, for Mason, seems to be the sense in which the Supreme Court sits, in Learned Hand's skeptical phrase, as a "third chamber" of Congress or the state legislatures. Not that Mason ever says in so many words precisely what is here attributed to him. But the way in which he characterizes the segregation cases—by any canon the Court's most important adjudication in the century since Dred Scott—seems to this reviewer susceptible of no other construction: "Even the observance of *stare decisis* was rudely shaken; the notion that social facts are meet for the legislature but not for the Court

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was ignored; the distinction between *judgment* and *will,* already tenuous, was honored only in the breach."

Now what is chiefly regrettable here is not that a scholar of Mason's eminence should have given his perhaps unwitting imprimatur to the quaint jurisprudence of Byrd, Eastland, and Krock, JJ. What is more disturbing than his characterization of a particular decision (even one of such monumental importance) is that it proceeds upon an assumption —that "the distinction between *judgment* and *will* . . . was honored only in the breach"—which is totally destructive of the integrity of the American judicial process. There have been times when individual justices —or even majorities of the Court, as in the New Deal cases—acted according to Mason's recipe. But if the days were to come when a unanimous Court adopted this as its rule of action, the Court would have outlived its intended and long-established role in the American political system.

MASON'S ERROR, like so many errors, has its roots in truth—a truth wonderfully captured in the remark attributed to the late Jeremiah Smith of the New Hampshire supreme court: "Do judges make law? 'Course they do. Made some myself."

It is this very simple fact that law is "made" by men and not "found" by skilled archivists which underlies all of legal realism, a view of the law that was revolutionary a generation ago but commonplace today. Yet to the revelation that judges are comparable in most significant respects to mortal men Mason brings the enthusiasm of fresh conversion—and then rushes on to a new "realism": if judges are men, their choices are willed, not judgmental.

Of course judges make law. They make it, however, as Holmes said, interstitially. But such law, responsibly made, does more than fill the pre-existing gap in the rules. Such law is framed by and takes its texture and design from the surrounding fabric—the fabric of prior judgment, of statute, of Constitution, of uncodified but no less discernible societal claim and counterclaim. As Justice Frankfurter has suggested, such elements of responsible adjudication "may be indefinite and vague, but their ascertainment is not self-willed."

The segregation cases themselves amply illustrate the process. The decision did not rest on a rediscovery of what the Fourteenth Amendment was "intended" to mean at its adoption in 1868, or on a rejection of the Court's acquiescence in segregated education in 1896, or, as Mason apparently feels, on adoption of "social facts" relative to the psychological impact of segregation. The decision rested on collective judicial recognition of a simple look-me-in-the-eye-and-try-to-say-different moral fact that racial segregation is, as Justice Minton has put it since, "iniquitous." And this fact meant that compulsory segregation of children in compulsory public schools was incompatible with today's equal-protection clause—democracy, vintage 1954. Men exercising *will* might have reached another result. But men charged with acting as judges (including a Black from Alabama, a Clark from Texas, and a Reed from Kentucky) could reach no other judgment.

Prelude to Stalinism

THEODORE DRAPER

SOCIALISM IN ONE COUNTRY, 1924-1926, Vol. 1, by Edward Hallett Carr. *Macmillan. $7.50.*

When Professor Carr first conceived his monumental history of "the political, social and economic order" that emerged from the Bolshevik Revolution of October, 1917, he planned a long introductory chapter that would take the story as far as Lenin's withdrawal in the spring of 1923. That long introductory chapter grew into three long volumes of almost fifteen hundred pages, collectively entitled *The Bolshevik Revolution, 1917-1923.* He then intended to plunge into his main subject, but found it necessary to produce a fourth preliminary volume, *The Interregnum, 1923-1924,* which dealt with the struggle for power from Lenin's second breakdown to a few months after his death. At that point, he envisaged an attack on "the heart" of his subject in two volumes. Now we have the first volume of this new series, *Socialism in One Country, 1924-1926,* to be followed not by one more but by two.

This Topsy-like growth suggests that Professor Carr has been struggling heroically to bring his subject under control. Technically, he has always been superb. Anyone who has tried to work in this field must regard his mastery of the material with awe. It is easy to sympathize with his plaint that he has had "few predecessors and few signposts to follow." Even when the structural and interpretative framework aroused some doubts, especially in the first three volumes, the main body of the work represented a triumph of scrupulous and rigorous historical craftsmanship. I surmise that Professor Carr was glad to get to this latest stage not merely because it brought him at long last to his grand theme. In more ways than one, the present volume virtually amounts to a new start. To a far greater degree than any of the others, it is held together by an organizing principle, an interpretative thread. And that principle or thread is not quite the same as the one he started with a decade or more ago. Perhaps this is what we are supposed to understand by the hint that the "progress of the work has produced, as generally happens, a growing sense of the complexity of the issues." In any case, the books speak for themselves.

A HISTORICAL OVERTURE, "The Legacy of History," sets the tone and marks out the direction of the new work. It gives Professor Carr an opportunity to reflect on the tension between "continuity and change" in history. At first, revolutions seem all upheaval and claim universal validity; gradually the past shapes the future and the national tradition revives within them. Professor Carr applies these thoughts to

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the period after Lenin's death: "Seen in the perspective of the revolution, it represented the familiar reaction of the principle of continuity against the onset of revolutionary change. Seen in the perspective of Russian history, it represented an attempt of the Russian national tradition to reassert itself against the encroachments of the west."

Only an "attempt"? In this volume, we do not yet know what Professor Carr's full answer will be. He traces the attempt to restore the traditional ways of life in four fields —family, church, literature, and law; and he makes clear that a substantial distance backward was traveled in less than a decade. He considers the class structure in postrevolutionary Russia and attributes the Bolshevik Party's "hypertrophy" of power to the backward economic and political conditions it inherited. He devotes the largest part of this volume to the economic scene in the middle 1920's, and here again he emphasizes the long-range victory of "underlying economic forces" over the desires and plans of the dominant Soviet leadership. All this seems to be going in one direction, retrogressively Russian, and gives the volume a unity and thesis which the others have lacked.

THE DIFFERENCE may be illustrated in the treatment of more or less the same subject, the Bolshevik Party's excess of power, in the first and in the present volume. Nine years ago, Professor Carr wrote of this development as if it were merely a Russian version of a universal phenomenon. He denied that the Russian Communist Party differed "as much in this respect as is sometimes supposed from political parties in other countries." But in the present volume, the power of the Bolshevik Party is ascribed to forces that led the Russian Revolution away from the path of the West. He implies that it would not have been necessary if the Russian workers had possessed "even the elementary technical and political training which the advanced capitalism and democracy of western countries had provided." Despite this shift in emphasis, however, the basic approach remains the same. Professor Carr still likes to explain the development of the Bolshevik Party as if it were dictated from the outside by historical forces beyond good or evil.

PROFESSOR CARR has not yet shown his full hand in this volume, and we may be sure that he is preparing us for a "complex" denouement. The full story of the struggle over "socialism in one country" is promised in the next one. Meanwhile, we are told what it was in essence—a compromise with the traditional Russian society to enable the Soviet leadership to ride the postrevolutionary storm. In the sequel, he adds, the party "retained its revolutionary dynamic unimpaired, and imposed on the society the consummation of 'revolution from above.'" By this he seems to mean the successful industrialization of the country carried through by Stalin. Thus we are forewarned that the story is going to have a happy ending, though not the one written in the original scenario.

The personalities of the five main characters of the period—Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Bukharin, and Stalin—as Professor Carr sketches them, also carry a message. He admires Trotsky's intellect, dislikes Zinoviev's character, sympathizes with Kamenev's weakness of will, and appreciates Bukharin's tragic inadequacies. Stalin, the man, seems to interest him the least. He portrays Stalin as a gray, nondescript mediocrity. "More than almost any other great man in history," he writes, "Stalin illustrates the thesis that circumstances make the man, not the man the circumstances. Stalin is the most impersonal of great historical figures." Yet, he continues, it was Stalin, "above all, who carried forward the revolution to its appointed conclusion by bringing about the rapid industrialization of the country."

Professor Carr is strangely forced to resort to paradoxes to describe the place in history of a man whom he has just described so one-dimensionally: "He was an emancipator and a tyrant; a man devoted to a cause, yet a personal dictator; and he consistently displayed a ruthless vigor which issued, on the one hand, in extreme boldness and determination and, on the other, in extreme brutality and indifference to human suffering." To reconcile the man and his work, Professor Carr returns to his basically determinist formula: "Few great men have been so conspicuously as Stalin the product of the time and place in which they lived."

I find myself in the odd position of admiring this volume more than any of the others and yet being filled with uneasy presentiment about what is still to come. The two cannot be separated because this is not an isolated volume and Professor Carr seems to have committed himself in it to an ultimate interpretative destination. The extra dimension of power in this volume resides in the theme that informs it from beginning to end—the erosion of the goals and ideals of the western socialist revolution. This process has taken different forms, but it has never been definitively reversed. Yet we are forewarned that the Russian Communist Party "retained its revolutionary dynamic unimpaired" and that Stalin "carried forward the revolution to its appointed conclusion." Is rapid industrialization to be equated with the goals and ideals of the western socialist revolution that the Bolshevik Party promised to realize? Is it not possible for the most diverse and even antithetical social systems—democratic, fascist, and Soviet—to express themselves through the common denominator of industrialization? Is it necessary or advisable to make Stalin into such an impersonal historical force as if the development of Soviet Russia did not result from real choices and genuine alternatives? These questions suggest my misgivings. We shall see how Professor Carr works out the answers in the end.

MEANWHILE, we have a massively rich and rewarding volume. Whatever differences one may have with this or that aspect of Professor Carr's work, the vast bulk of it rises above ideological disputation. Indeed, I sometimes get the feeling that there are two Carrs—one who never compromises with his material or doctors the evidence, and the other who likes to throw out dubious remarks from the sidelines. Whichever Carr one prefers, no one interested in his subject can afford to miss his book.

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BOOK NOTES

I Remember: Sketch for an Autobiography, by Boris Pasternak. Translated with a Preface and Notes by David Magarshack. With an essay "On Translating Shakespeare" translated by Manya Harari. *Pantheon $3.75.*

In these brief and fragmentary memoirs, written after *Doctor Zhivago,* there is the same return to the pre- and early-revolutionary past with its aspirations as yet untested and undestroyed, the same gaps in chronology and event, the same lofty refusal of direct controversy that characterized the novel and were attributed by many critics in the West to the impossibility in which the author found himself to speak his mind freely. The omissions, the critics said, were in themselves the gravest of charges against the Soviet régime. The fact, however, would appear that they result simply from the deliberate artistic choice of a poet who insists on holding to his own vision of the world, rejecting any and every element that would distort it. Logically, the Communists consider this attitude inadmissible: they would want Pasternak committed—as were Mayakovsky and the rest, the suicide poets and those who have lived—to celebrate their system, pliant, Congress after Congress, Stalin after Lenin, Khrushchev after Stalin, year after year, to all the changes that are brought to it. The magnitude of Pasternak's powers, the nature of his religious preoccupation and personal nostalgia, have excluded even the possibility of his assuming so minor, so fatal a role. Saving our pity and concern for the weak who need them, it is time we took Boris Pasternak at his word: he has written, in the freedom of his spirit, precisely what he has wanted to write, nothing more and nothing less.

Portrait of Zelide, by Geoffrey Scott. *Scribner's. $3.95.*

This is a book to make married men appreciate their wives and simultaneously to persuade bachelors of their blessed state. After encountering "Zélide," one is grateful for what one has, even if it is nothing. What a monster of a woman! And, like all monsters, exercising a considerable fascination—even evoking a sense of pity, and sometimes a nervous laugh. "Zélide" was born to the bluestocking in 1740 as Isabella van Tuyll. Her intelligence was so formidable, her self-consciousness so total, as to frighten away all suitors (including the fatuous Boswell, whose "love" letters have to be read to be believed), until she finally married a colorless Swiss mathematician, M. de Charrière, and went to live with him, her senile father-in-law, and her two aged sisters-in-law in the family manor at Neuchâtel. After seventeen tedious years, she met the love of her life, the young Benjamin Constant. He could not have better prepared himself for his future liaison with Mme. de Staël, except perhaps by perishing at birth. Mr. Scott's little book, originally published in 1925 and now reissued, is beautifully written: he works the Lytton Strachey vein, while ignoring the coarser seams of irony and condescension. And "Zélide's" letters, abundantly quoted, glitter as brilliantly as a Cyclops' eye.

The Fig Tree, by Aubrey Menen. *Scribner's. $3.50.*

Harry Wesley, the serious son of chapel-going English parents, decides when he grows up to save humanity. As a Nobel Prize winner who alters the structure of plant cells, he has to retire at thirty-two —science is a young man's game—so he turns to producing extraordinary fruit in Italy. "Fig trees had been growing in this spot for two thousand years, but nobody had seen a tree such as this one. . . . Its figs were colored a royal purple and they were as big as grapefruit." This is the story of the consequences of partaking of these forbidden fruits; of the havoc wrought on innocent Harry Wesley and on his neighbor, an American who has money and whose sole ambition it is to eat two square meals a day. Instead of solving the nutritional problems of mankind, the gargantuan fruits induce aphrodisia and atavism, and millennia of civilization evaporate as Harry and Joe succumb to primitive passion. Joe makes rapid progress from contented sloth and obsessive gluttony to overpowering lust. Where hitherto his most shocking fantasies have been that he was a fat poodle being chased by a cop after stealing a sausage from a butcher, he now dreams sheer pornography. Both he and Harry furthermore are suddenly devastatingly attractive to all women, including the improverished contessa with whom their relationship has previously been impeccable. (*Her* problem is the weight of ancestry: she stems from a Renaissance line reduced to trade. "The family that had once poisoned a cardinal now printed certificates of hygiene on paper cups of an ice-cream called 'For Baby.'") She happens to be a lush beauty, but as Harry points out, in their condition of roaring explosive health, they'd just as soon seduce a crosseyed fishwife, were she the first female available. Before this satirical fable ends, church and state as well as science and no less than three national characters come in for quite a lampooning by Mr. Menen's genially acidulous pen.

Lady Chatterley's Lover, by D. H. Lawrence. *Grove. $6.*

It's been a tough season for censors. Nabokov's *Lolita* steamed and twisted past them before they could even get their bats off their shoulders, and now the poor fellows are about to be beaned by Lawrence's deliberate, almost artless *Lady Chatterley.* The virtuous police officers who were confused by Nabokov's libidinous avoidance of four-letter words must be stunned by Lawrence's rather pedestrian insistence on including them all. He was a firm believer in what he called "good-hearted" lust. (That wasn't the noun he used.) And as a matter of fact, there can be little doubt that the descriptions of those moments between tea and dinner when Constance Chatterley slipped off to meet her husband's gamekeeper in the woods are just about the only passages that actually deserve a careful reading. The rest of it seems embarrassingly dated, even at its best much closer to Jane Austen than to Henry Miller. Most of this shocking book is a curiously old-fashioned novel of manners, and at times Lawrence's preoccupation with class distinctions could make even adultery seem dull. The book is, however, widely recognized as a classic, and the Grove Press is certainly to be commended for taking the risks involved in publishing it. The situation is especially complicated by the fact that the text is in the public domain and cannot be copyrighted. Even so, Grove has undertaken to pay royalties to the Lawrence estate. Any fly-by-night publisher could bring out a cheap edition without paying royalties—and perhaps cut heavily into Grove's sales. And if the book is banned, Grove stands not only to lose sales but to incur heavy legal expenses. (Furthermore, the publisher has agreed to stand behind any bookseller who gets into trouble over the book.) But it is impossible to guess what the censors will do about *Lady Chatterley.* Times have certainly changed since 1948, when Doubleday lost a case that went all the way up to the Supreme Court involving Edmund Wilson's comparatively tame *Memoirs of Hecate County.* But the Grove edition has already been picked up by the authorities in a number of cities, and there is sure to be at least some excitement over it. The question of what the public should and should not be allowed to buy is a serious and a difficult one, but we have no difficulty whatsoever in saying that we'd much rather let even teen-agers read Lawrence's "good-hearted" and essentially clean-minded celebration of the rain-and-flower-drenched marriage of John Thomas and Lady Jane than some of the sneaking, sadistic filth that befouls the best-seller lists nowadays.

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RECORDS

A la Russe

ROLAND GELATT

GLINKA'S *A Life for the Tsar* is a landmark in musical history that has been damned consistently with the faintest possible praise. There is no disputing its primacy as the first opera—indeed the first music—of any consequence to be written by a Russian composer, nor is there any gainsaying the success that attended its first performance at St. Petersburg in 1836. But *A Life for the Tsar* gets short shrift from Glinka's twentieth-century expositors.

It appears that Glinka had the misfortune to journey to Italy in 1830 and (horrors!) to fall under the wretched influence of Bellini and Donizetti. He returned to Russia tainted with Italianisms and in *A Life for the Tsar* composed an opera within the pre-Verdi operatic tradition. And what could possibly be worse than that? Even so faithful a partisan of Russian music as the late M. D. Calvocoressi felt obliged to warn readers that Glinka's opera would "prove tedious to all but confirmed devotees of old-fashioned, full-dress opera."

Within the past decade, however, the "old-fashioned" Italian opera of Bellini and Donizetti has quite suddenly come back into critical favor. For the first time within living memory *La Sonnambula* is being listened to with respect. And if *Sonnambula*, why not *A Life for the Tsar*? A fresh look at Glinka's first opera would seem to be in order, and this is provided by a new recording of it made in Paris, with a Russian-singing cast, under the direction of Igor Markevitch (Capitol GCR 7163).

THE WORK, in this beautifully executed performance, turns out to be not a bit tedious—and rather less beholden to the pre-Verdi Italian school than one would have been led to believe. The division of the

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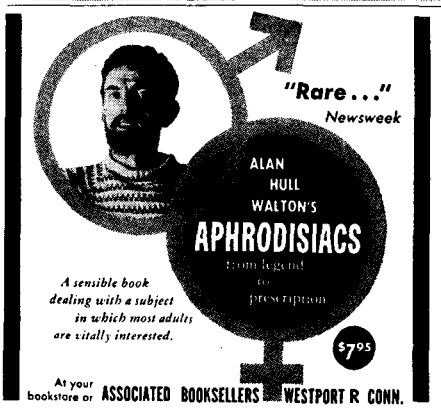
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opera into set pieces follows early-nineteenth-century practice, and the long, slow gait of certain arias is obviously Bellinian in spirit; but there is a rhythmic brightness and an imaginative use of orchestral coloration quite apart from—and above—the Bellini-Donizetti norm. Indeed, in certain respects *A Life for the Tsar* is more comparable to nineteenth-century French music and to Bizet in particular than to the orchestrally unadventurous Italian school. One is led to suspect that the composer of *L'Arlésienne* and *Carmen* studied Glinka's opera to good advantage.

NO TEDIUM at all? Well, perhaps that is too strong a claim to be made for this, or any, Russian opera. There are *longueurs* here, to be sure, but the many good things in the score far outweigh them. I would single out in particular the Act I trio, a serene elegy in B minor ornamented with lovely melismatic arabesques in the soprano part; the Polish ballet music in Act II, full of vigorous movement and deliciously wrought instrumental effects (surely the Pas de Quatre inspired Tchaikovsky when he turned to *Sleeping Beauty*); the soprano Romance in Act III, a melancholy lament that bears comparison with Mozart's *"Ach, ich fühl's"*; and the massive final *"Slávsya"* chorus, which is radiant with the pealing of Moscow bells.

The cast of the new recording is composed of an American soprano (Teresa Stich-Randall), a Yugoslav contralto (Mela Bugarinovitch), a Swedish tenor (Nicolai Gedda), and a Bulgarian bass (Boris Christoff). Miss Bugarinovitch wobbles rather distressingly at times; otherwise the singing is first-rate—Miss Stich-Randall's spectacularly so. However, it is Igor Markevitch, the one bona fide Russian connected with the undertaking, who rightfully takes first honors. He is clearly enchanted with the score, and his conducting conveys the delight of the musical discoverer who unexpectedly happens upon a neglected masterpiece. The work is given reasonably complete (a largish chunk is missing from Act V) and the recording is satisfactory. All told, something not to be missed.

GLINKA ESTABLISHED a precedent in *A Life for the Tsar* by allotting the hero's role, that of Ivan Sussanin, to a bass singer. Since then basses have dominated Russian opera, and the fortunes of this repertoire outside Russia have depended largely on the availability of suitable deep-voiced singers. The chief exponent of Russian bass roles in the West today is Boris Christoff, a forty-year-old Bulgarian who received his training in Italy and has never crossed the boundaries of Russia. Christoff has sung the role of Boris Godunov in most of the great opera houses of the world (though not at the Metropolitan) and has been acclaimed by long-memoried operagoers as more than a reasonable facsimile of the great Chaliapin. In addition to *A Life for the Tsar*, he has made a recording of *Boris Godunov* (originally published here by RCA Victor in 1953, now reissued as Capitol GDR 7164) and, more recently, of Mussorgsky's entire output of songs (Angel 3575).

The latter production—an album containing four LP records and a lavishly printed eighty-four-page booklet of texts and annotations—bears some comment. Like all complete collections, it has its peaks and valleys. Mussorgsky committed his share of misfires—lethargic romantic effusions, dull topical satires, character studies that convey more "realism" than music—and they are here along with the flowerings of genius. But the collection does allow us to experience Mussorgsky in the round, so to speak, and to follow his development step by step into one of the supreme song composers of all time (his work is presented in strict chronological order). The album is analogous to the sumptuously produced art books devoted to a painter's entire life-work, those fascinating tomes which —as André Malraux has observed— enable us to become our own curators and free us from total dependence on the few isolated masterpieces by which most artists are known. This collection of songs enables us to become our own impresarios, and it reveals some unsuspected marvels. Throughout the album Christoff's vocal and interpretative powers function at top form. His range is enormous—from the wide-eyed prattle of a young child in *With Nursey* through the dreamy legato of *On the River* to the terrifying colloquy between death and the mother in *Cradle Song*—and the total accomplishment adds up to a tour de force which few singers today could even hope to approach.

UNFORTUNATELY, as a documentation of Mussorgsky's genius the album has some severe flaws. For an unexplained—and one would think inexplicable—reason, Christoff seems to prefer the old nineteenth-century editions of the songs as "edited" by Rimsky-Korsakov to the more recent Soviet edition based on Mussorgsky's manuscripts. Rimsky was a fine composer, but as an editor he left a great deal to be desired. He did not boggle at changing melodies in Mussorgsky's songs, "correcting" harmonies, adding his own postludes, and in general making as free use of the blue pencil as he desired. If Christoff really had some rationale for favoring these doctored texts over the music as Mussorgsky wrote it, he does not convey it in the voluminous annotations he wrote for this album. Indeed, one would not know from those annotations that any textual problems had ever existed in regard to Mussorgsky's songs.

It is lamentable too that Christoff has chosen the orchestral accompaniments of Rimsky-Korsakov and Glazunov in certain of the songs in preference to Mussorgsky's own piano accompaniments. He explains that "the orchestrations enhance the richness and color of these compositions," but again we are being offered something other than what the composer intended. Curiously, Christoff does not use any of the orchestrations that Mussorgsky himself wrote. In fact, to judge from his notes on "Tell Me, Star, Where Art Thou?" and "Night," one cannot be certain that he even knows about them.

Great artists are seldom great scholars, and artistry is undoubtedly more precious than scholarship. But why, in undertaking an edition as elaborate as this, did not the recording company obtain a little expert advice?

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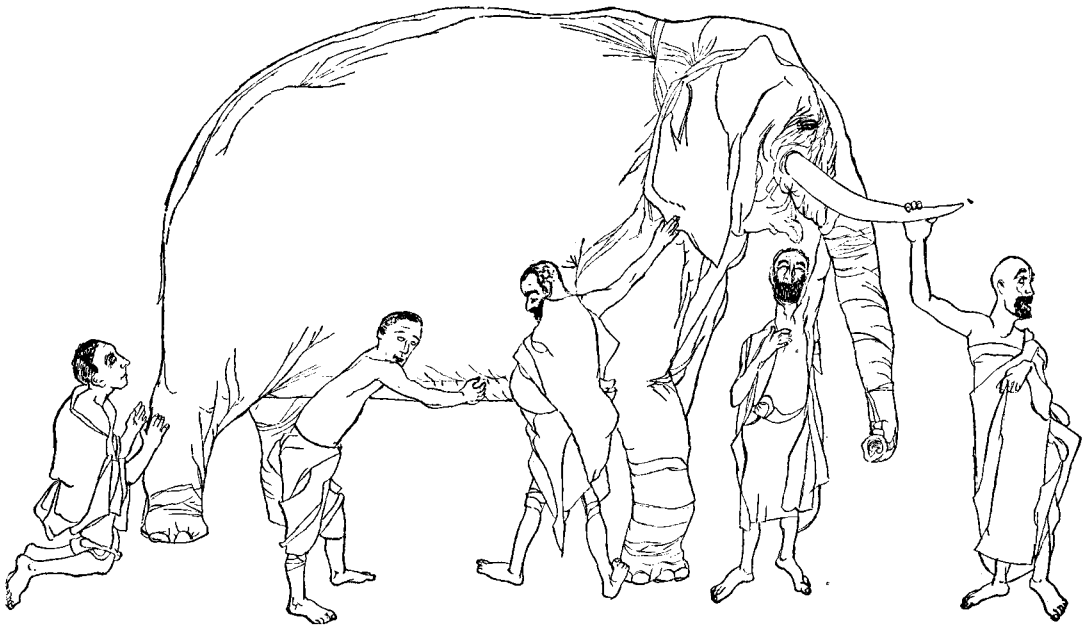

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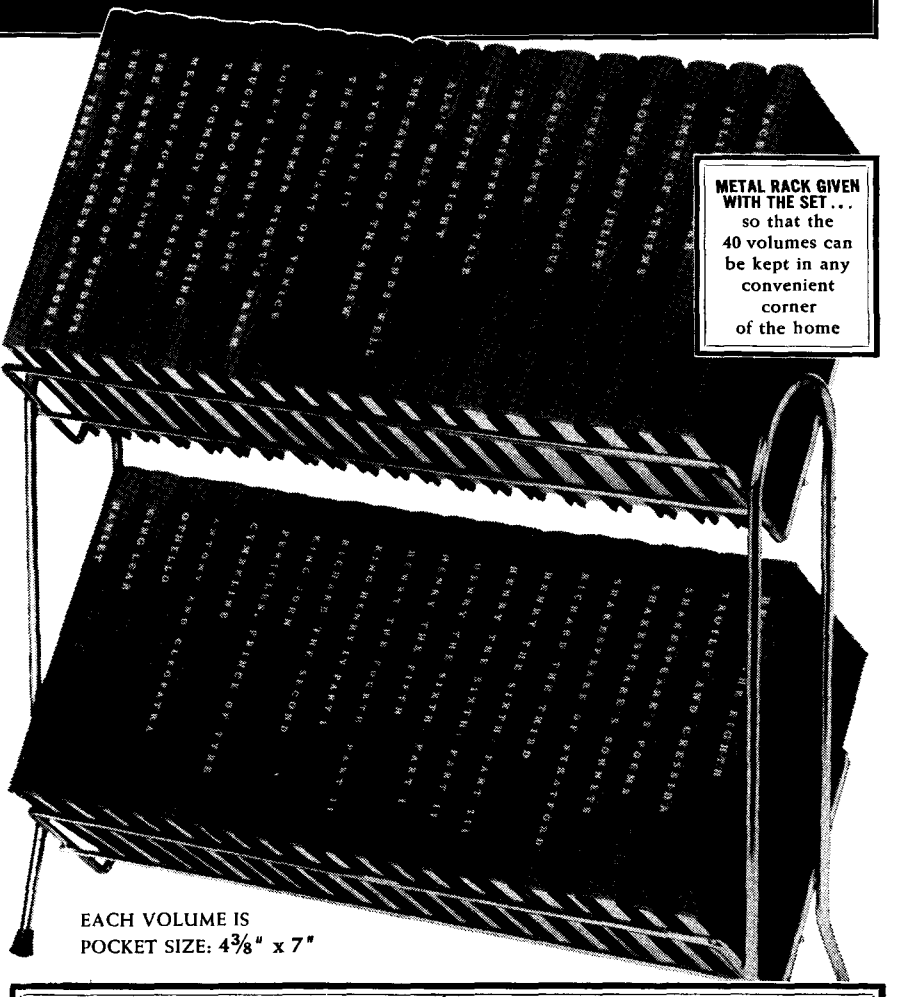

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